

Chatelaine

AUGUST, 1943
TEN CENTS





**"It's not in our Training Course, Janet—
but you ought to know about 'pink tooth brush'!"**



"Janet, you've mastered nursing like a Florence Nightingale. Your sickroom deportment is a tonic in itself. But a girl with hair and eyes like yours rates dates and popularity as well as honors and a career. So why ignore 'pink tooth brush'? It's a sign of sensitive gums and it means see the dentist."



"To sum up, Miss Moore, bright smiles and healthy gums go together. And soft, well-cooked foods rob gums of work—often make them tender. Massage your gums every time you brush your teeth." (Note: A recent survey shows that dentists prefer Ipana for personal use 2 to 1 over any other dentifrice.)



"Never again will I ignore 'pink tooth brush'! Laura and my dentist helped teach me a lesson—I'm using Ipana and massage from now on. Ipana's taste is so pleasant! And that stimulating 'tingle'—as I massage my gums—seems to say, 'We're perking up!' And my teeth look brighter, too!"



(Musings of a Lady in Love). "Well, I have 'heart-trouble,' the nice kind—and my handsome doctor here has the cure! He asked me last night to marry him—a sparkling smile certainly brought romance my way. How can I ever be thankful enough to Laura, and my dentist—and to Ipana and massage!"

Never take chances with "pink tooth brush"—heed its warning!

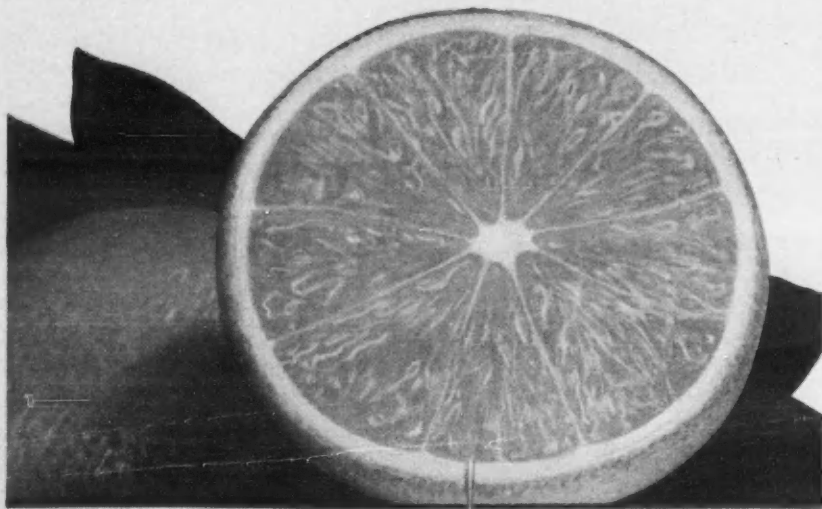
IF YOU see "pink" on your tooth brush—see your dentist and get his advice. His verdict may be that modern, soft foods have robbed your gums of the exercise they need for health and, like many dentists, he may suggest "the helpful stimulation of Ipana and massage."

For Ipana is designed not only to clean teeth thoroughly but, with massage, to help the gums. Each time you brush your teeth, massage a little extra Ipana onto your gums. Let Ipana and massage help you to firmer gums, brighter teeth and a lovelier, more attractive smile!



*A product of Bristol-Myers
Made in Canada*

Start Today—with Ipana and Massage



ENJOY ITS FRUITY
Freshness



*It's made with
real orange juice*

In the krinkly bottle you'll find sparkling, delicious Orange Crush made with the fresh cold juice of California oranges sun-ripened on the trees. It's the healthful fruit beverage to enjoy between jobs—to keep at home on ice. Buy the handy carton.



Don't Help the Burglar

By ADELE SAUNDERS



When you turn the lights out one by one, emerge from your front door, back the car out of the garage and drive off without closing the doors—well, you practically hang out a "Welcome" sign for the prowler.

IT WAS a rainy summer night. One after another the lights in the big stone house on the corner flicked out. A few seconds later Mr. and Mrs. Smith hurried down the front steps to the garage. When they drove down the driveway, Mr. Smith didn't bother to close the garage doors—it was raining and, besides that, they were late for the party.

A shabby little man, watching from a dark lane across the street, grinned to himself as the car drove off. It was just what the doctor ordered! If the folks had hung out a welcome sign to burglars, it couldn't have suited him better. With the house in complete darkness and the open doors showing an empty garage, it all added up to one sure thing—NO ONE AT HOME. Looking furtively up and down the street, he crossed the road and slipped round to the back of the Smiths' house. Experience had taught him that front door locks were usually burglarproof, but back doors or cellar doors often had cheap locks which could be opened by any five-cent master key. He was perfectly right. Hours later when Mr. and Mrs. Smith returned home, they were amazed and horrified to find that during their absence their house had been thoroughly looted.

The detective who told me this story sighed deeply. "There isn't any official help-the-burglar week that I know of, but the way some people act when they go away for holidays, or even out for an evening, you'd think they had the health and prosperity of crooks high up on their list of charities."

SO, BETTER check now to see if, unknowingly, you're a boon to burglars.

For example, if you're going on a vacation, be sure to stop the paper boy so that morning and evening papers won't stack up on your veranda to show the world that you're off on a trip.

Don't leave a note for the milkman telling him of your plans. In all prob-

ability he'll read the note and leave it in the box for benefit of any night prowler who happens along.

Don't put a notice in the papers. Many a thief is an ardent social column peruser, and clippings have been found, time and time again, in the pockets of arrested housebreakers.

Arrange to have your grass cut at regular intervals so the house won't take on a deserted look.

Leave a house key with some trustworthy soul who'll promise to call round once a week to see that all's well. Then if your house does happen to be looted, the police will have more chance to recover stolen goods. If you don't



A few days' accumulation of milk bottles and newspapers gives the Underworld all the information needed.

report the theft until you return to town, the police will have no way of knowing how long ago the burglary took place.

It's a good idea for neighbors to band together and hire a night watchman to patrol the street.

BURGLARPROOF locks are of paramount importance. Crooks have no snobbish feelings about using the tradesman's entrance. In fact they prefer it as there's less chance of being seen by passers-by. A burglarproof lock is a dead lock where it's necessary to use a

✦ Continued on page 2



When the faithful watchdog doesn't bark, that in itself is a clue. Someone has been establishing friendly relations with dear old Pluto!

case he carried a small stone for window-breaking purposes.

IF YOU'RE just stepping out for the evening, here are a few warning words.

Don't leave the house in darkness with empty garage doors gaping open.

Don't make a habit of leaving jewelry or money lying about in the house. Somehow the news gets around by the old underground grapevine system.

You may be courting future disaster if you leave Victory bearer bonds in desk or bureau drawers—it's as dangerous as storing money in the toe of an old sock, because these bonds are just as good as cash to a crafty crook. It's said that after one of the Victory Bond Campaigns, thieves in mining towns had a perfect heyday because the miners carried their bonds around in trouser pockets which could be picked by any light-fingered fellow. For a very modest sum your bank will be happy to put your bonds in safe keeping until they come due.

A good watchdog earns his keep many times over. Police say they seldom fall down on the job. And if they do, that fact alone provides a clue. For example, one house was looted while Jumbo, the police dog, was on duty. He was a good watchdog, so the detective on the case questioned the house-owner about possible friends of the family who might be the Lone Wolf in disguise. The idea caused indignant denial. The detective, however, was not to be deterred in his suspicion that someone who knew the house had done the job. It transpired

that the maid's boy friend, a regular visitor who fed Jumbo many a juicy tid-bit, was the guilty person. The detective said Jumbo's face was certainly red when he found out about it!

Police also warn us not to raise a fuss if we return home and see suspicious goings-on which look as though someone were pilfering the house. The best plan is to sneak as quietly as possible to a neighbor's house and phone the police. Then there's a good chance of catching the thief red-handed.

IF YOU should be alone in the house, and—perish the thought!—wake up at night and hear footsteps creeping up the stairs, if possible reach for a telephone and whisper your message to the police. If there's no telephone handy, force yourself to carry on an animated conversation with imaginary people in the house. Enquire, in a loud voice, if Bill or Jim will please go downstairs and see if there's a door open—and not to waken Bert, etc. You may find, in an emergency, you have all kinds of talent for acting which you never suspected. With the threat of a houseful of people, the burglar won't linger to find out he's been hoaxed.

Most housebreakers avoid carrying tools. It's too risky taking a chance on being nabbed with a burglar's kit in their possession. Police say that 90% of burglars count on the carelessness of householders (such as our pal, Mr. Smith) to gain access to houses and pull off enough lucrative jobs per year to stay in the crook business until the Law catches up with them. ♦

Sketches by W. A. Winter



Professional breakers-in are ardent followers of the local social columns. They lay their plans quickly after noting that "Mr. and Mrs. Zilch have left for the West Coast."

"Guess My Age!"



New kind of face powder makes her look years younger!

ONCE this lovely girl looked quite a bit older. Some people actually thought she was approaching middle age . . .

For she was the innocent victim of an unflattering shade of face powder! It was a cruel shade—treacherous and sly. Like a harsh light, it showed up every line in her face—accented every little skin fault—even exaggerated the size of the pores.

But look at her now! Can you guess her age? Is she 21—30—35?

For she has changed to Lady Esther Face Powder, the powder blended an entirely new way to produce softer, more subtle shades—shades that flatter the years from the face, make a girl look younger, so much lovelier.

How old does your face powder say you are?

Are you sure the shade of face powder you use is exactly right for you? Are you sure it doesn't lie about your age—that it doesn't say you're get-

ting a little older? Why take that chance? Why not change to the powder that's like a delicate film of beauty on your skin—Lady Esther Powder!

Lady Esther Face Powder is made an entirely new way. It's blown and re-blown by TWIN HURRICANES until it's softer and smoother by far than any powder made by ordinary methods can possibly be. That's why it clings so long—and that's why its shades and its texture are so unusually flattering to the skin.

Try my face powder—today!

Seeing's believing! Try Lady Esther Face Powder, and see with your own eyes, in your own mirror, why I call it a new and different kind of powder—why you can expect more compliments than ever when you start using it. When you see how much smoother and lovelier your skin looks—how much younger—you'll know why more lovely women now use Lady Esther Powder than any other kind!



Lady Esther
FACE POWDER



Trustworthy in a hundred little emergencies

Looking back into your childhood many of you can remember your first cut finger, your first scratched foot, your first sore throat . . . and the speed with which Mother brought out the Listerine Antiseptic bottle.

In the decades that followed the discovery of antiseptic surgery, fathered by Lord Lister for whom Listerine Antiseptic was named, this safe antiseptic became a trusted first-aid in countless little emergencies. Its bright amber liquid gleamed from the white shelf of the medicine cabinet and from the black bag of the family physician.

And with medicine making magnificent strides, and research uncovering new truths each day, Listerine Antiseptic continues to hold first place in the esteem of critical millions who demand of their antiseptic rapid germ-killing action combined with absolute safety.

LAMBERT PHARMACAL Co.
(Canada) LTD.
Toronto, Ont.

**LISTERINE
ANTISEPTIC**

the safe antiseptic and germicide

IN SERVICE MORE THAN 60 YEARS
MADE IN CANADA

Housebreakers are busiest in summer.
Here are some tips and warnings worth following if you want to avoid the shock of being burglarized and losing valuables



If you should hear unexplainable night noises downstairs, call the police promptly, or, if a telephone isn't handy, start an animated conversation with someone, real or imagined.

key to shoot the bolt. The more common type of spring lock can be opened by any smart crook who knows the tricks of his trade. He can insert a stiff piece of cardboard or a piece of celluloid in the door crack and run it up until it meets the lock—then by firm, steady pressure he can make the lock spring back.

If you lock any doors on the inside, be sure the key is turned horizontal—especially if there's a crack under the door large enough to allow a piece of newspaper or cardboard to be inserted. If the key is left in vertical position, it's as easy as pie to poke at it from the outside with a piece of wire until it falls on to the cardboard—then draw the cardboard to the outside of the door with the key sitting pretty on it.

Locksmiths, these days, can make you one key which will open and lock all the doors in your house—with burglar-proof locks. This lessens the chances of losing keys, or of having one picked up by a burglar on the prowl, who has a duplicate made and then returns it to you, so you won't become alarmed by your loss and have the locks changed on the door. Unfortunately, there is no law governing the making of duplicate keys. Most locksmiths, however, refuse to make a key from a wax impression—that happens only in mystery yarns, where the villain gains future access by furtively pressing the door key on soft wax or even a wad of chewing gum. Locksmiths are too old at the game of cops and robbers to be taken in by that trick.

Be sure to board up the milk box and all inside doors leading from cellar to kitchen or hall.

If you have balcony doors with glass panes, be sure to bolt both top and bottom. This won't make the door burglarproof by any means but it will make it as difficult as possible, because the thief will have to break two panes of glass and there's always the chance the sound of shattering glass will rouse the neighbors. One burglar, an old hand at the game of housebreaking, carried a roll of adhesive tape in his pocket. He'd paste this on the glass to kill the sound so he was able to break a glass window, and do his dirty work while the innocent householder slept peacefully through the whole procedure.

AND NOW a word about windows. Don't think for a minute screens give adequate protection. Be sure to lock all windows, screened or unscreened. There was one smart thief who caused the police plenty of headaches. They couldn't find out how he gained access to houses. Finally, when nabbed, he confessed with some pride that he used a highly tempered piece of wire to insert into the screen and flip up the hooks—it was so thin, it left no mark. He'd then remove the screen, climb in the window, replace the screen, and after he'd made his haul, he'd leave by the back door.

Another crook used a gimlet to bore a hole near the window lock so that he was able to insert a piece of wire in the hole and push back the lock.

Still another wily fellow used to walk up to an empty house carrying a brief case under his arm. This fooled the neighbors into believing he was there on business. It was business all right—monkey business—because in the brief

Next

of Kin



FOR SOME women having a baby is just another social occasion.

Nurse Kinlay's strong, skilful fingers moved swiftly among the two dozen long-stemmed bronze roses. Her practiced eye took in their crisp perfection as she arranged them, one by one, in the blue bowl. White broadcloth rustled stiffly as she stepped back to view the finished effect, and the little "probie" in the striped dress and white apron watched her admiringly.

"She has so many flowers—your patient," she said respectfully.

"She would!" said Kinlay, and in her voice was that trace of cynicism that comes with "specializing" around a maternity hospital for a dozen years. "The florists' boxes started arriving before she did, and they've kept right on. They're going to overflow into the halls before long."

"She's awfully beautiful," observed the probie in an attempt to keep the conversation going as long as she could.

"Huh," rejoined Kinlay, "wait till you see her coming down from the delivery room. Rich or poor they all look the same then. Sort of bedraggled and worse for wear."

"Who is she? Mrs. Beck, I mean . . ." asked the probie.

By **ELEANOR COATES**

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK KEAY

"She used to be Diane Arkley," Kinlay told her from the depths of her long experience with society nursing. Then, recalling that the name might mean little to the little probationer who had just come in from the country, she added, "Admiral Arkley's daughter. And her mother was a Hallowell, with scads of money. And it's a long story—" evidently too long to tell, even to such eager ears, and Kinlay picked up the bowl of roses and walked down the corridor, her white skirts swishing importantly.

"More flowers," she said brightly as she opened the door of the suite. "How are we doing now? Any more pains while I was gone?"

Diane Beck took the card in her carefully manicured fingers and appraised the roses with quickened interest.

"These are from my husband," she commented. "He left an order in case it happened while he was out at sea."

"Too bad he's missing the excitement," said the nurse. "Doctor Collins says every husband has a right to worry about his first baby."

"I don't mind his missing it," said Diane. "They tell me it's hard on fathers."

"We never lost a father yet," quipped Kinlay, with mechanical humor.

"Oh, I know," said Diane, "that's the old joke. But my Daddy says many a father has been hopelessly lost—and couldn't find himself again for days."

Diane brushed her blond hair off her forehead, and looked suddenly like a frightened sixteen-year-old girl.

"Oh, oh," she said, bracing herself, "this is a bad one."

Nurse Kinlay looked at her watch and commented briskly, "You're coming along all right."

"How long do you think it will be?" Diane asked when the contraction had passed off.

"You never know with the first one," Carol Kinlay admitted, "Doctor Collins will be in soon. He'll tell you more about what to expect."

That was the way with nurses. They never really told you anything. They seemed sympathetic sometimes. That was part of their training. But after the five hundredth maternity patient, how could you expect genuine feeling? They did the physical things. The "prep" was what they called the preliminaries. And then they were just there with you. Waiting. Timing the pains. Making conversation from time to time. Waiting.

War, Women and Lipstick—



by **CONSTANCE LUFT HUHN**
Head of the House of Tangee

A recent portrait of Constance Luft Huhn
by Maria de Kammerer

For the first time in history woman-power is a factor in war. Millions of you are fighting and working side by side with your men.

In fact, you are doing double duty—for you are still carrying on your traditional “woman’s” work of cooking, and cleaning, and home-making. Yet, somehow, Canadian and American women are still the loveliest and most spirited in the world. The best dressed, the best informed, the best looking.

It’s a reflection of the free democratic way of life that you have succeeded in keeping your femininity—even though you are doing man’s work!

If a symbol were needed of this fine, independent spirit—of this courage and strength—I would choose a lipstick. It is one of those mysterious little essentials that have an importance far beyond their size or cost.

A woman’s lipstick is an instrument of personal morale that helps her to conceal heartbreak or sorrow; gives her self-confidence when it’s badly needed; heightens her loveliness when she wants to look her loveliest.

No lipstick—ours or anyone else’s—will win the war. But it symbolizes one of the reasons why we are fighting...the precious right of women to be feminine and lovely—under any circumstances.

The Tangee Satin-Finish Lipstick of your choice will keep your lips smoother...longer! It will bring an exclusive grooming and a deep glowing “life” to your lips that defy both time and weather.

BEAUTY—glory of woman...
LIBERTY—glory of nations...
Protect them both...

**BUY WAR SAVINGS
CERTIFICATES**



TANGEE



WITH THE NEW
SATIN-FINISH

Lipsticks



"We don't usually let the babies go on exhibit this way," she said, "but this is an exceptional case." It's an exceptional story, too. The gallantry of the men who go to sea and the courage of the wives who wait have never been more truthfully depicted



"I never used to like them. I can't imagine myself with a baby."

"I never had a patient yet who could imagine herself with her first baby," replied the imperturbable Kinlay.

Perhaps we shouldn't have had the baby. Dick needs to relax and have a good time when he's ashore, but the responsibility of the baby will change all that. No, we shouldn't have decided to have the baby.

"Fine time for you to decide you don't want your baby," Kinlay's voice was saying, bringing her back to reality again. But how could Kinlay know what she was thinking? How could she know the baby wasn't quite a hundred per cent welcome? But it was true. Even if it didn't make any difference now. Somewhere she had read that babies often as not come between their parents; that they don't always turn out to be a bond, bringing them closer together. It wouldn't matter much if the baby died. It wouldn't matter much if she herself died. It was all part of the pattern, part of the pattern, part of the pattern.

The blessed relief of the ether. Nothing, not even the twenty-five-dollar - an - ounce perfume she had brought to the hospital, could ever smell so divine. She gulped it in like a drowning person, who for the briefest moment had reached the surface. Somewhere Doctor Collins said cheerfully, "Good—that—will — be — first — rate — now."

Then there was the sensation of flying, flying toward a black tunnel. Down at the end of the tunnel, if she ever reached it, was oblivion. Not that it mattered a lot after all. Death would be so restful. And then she really would understand all of the pattern. But suddenly she had veered off. She wasn't going into the tunnel any farther. She was coming back to consciousness.

She expected someone to say, "It's a boy," or, "It's a girl." Wasn't that what they always said as soon as a baby was born?

Instead the nurse said, "How do you feel now, Mrs. Beck?"

With wry honesty Diane said, "I feel as though I'd been riding horseback and fallen off on a pile of rocks."

The nurse and Doctor Collins laughed, which seemed strange when they hadn't mentioned the baby at all. It must mean that the baby is dead, thought Diane. She began to babble again.

"You don't have to break it to me gently. I know—I know—the baby is dead, isn't it?"

"Nonsense," said Doctor Collins briskly. "You've got a fine baby boy. Looks exactly like your husband."

Diane turned her head and saw the baby. Nurse Kinlay was putting drops in its eyes, and it was crying. It didn't look like Dick at all—or did it? Suddenly she was filled with relief and sleepiness.

"Does he have the proper number of fingers and toes?" she asked as she fell asleep once more.

MARJORIE WILLIAMS lay perfectly still and straight on the hospital bed. The nurse hesitated at the door, then tiptoed into the room and set the vase of mixed spring flowers on the table beside the bed. She glanced at the card as she placed it in front of the vase. It said, "Best luck to baby and her mother. The Navy Wives Knitting Club." For a moment she paused to adjust the shade, so that the light would fall more softly across her patient's face. "Why, she's really beautiful," Nurse Reynolds thought with surprise. It wasn't the kind of beauty that hits you in the eye, like that shining, golden Mrs. Beck. But such classically sculptured contours would wear well.

Three children she had borne, but her face was as serene as a cameo, her eyelashes shadowed a complexion as fresh as a baby's. Marjorie did not stir as the nurse went softly out. It was fun to lie with your arms pressed close to your sides above the covers while below the covers your body was as slim and trim as it had ever been. The door latch clicked, and Marjorie opened her grey eyes and looked at the flowers. Tall blue iris stood stiffly surrounded by yellow daffodils and by some caprice the florist had put in two yellow rosebuds. Marjorie wriggled around in the bed until she could reach the vase and deftly removed one of the half-opened blooms. Then with the aid of mirror and hairpin she wound it into a strand of hair and pinned it into the loose wave at the top of her head.

"That's for you, Stubby," she said to the photograph on the table beside her. The picture of the man in the naval uniform was held in her hands for a few moments. For her own morale a naval wife has to play siren once in a while when her husband is at sea.

Her eyes travelled back to the flashing color of the flowers. How nice of the girls to have sent them! She wondered if the club intended to send flowers to all the Navy wives who were having babies this year. If they were it would keep the treasury in perpetual bankruptcy. She was glad they'd chosen the huge bouquet of spring flowers rather than half a dozen roses. She didn't have too many flowers this time to fill the bare spaces in the room. Stubby would have sent her roses if he'd been in port. He always did. He would have insisted on a special nurse too, and a larger room. Dear Stubby!

"Isn't the Runnymede overdue?" her mother had asked the day Marjorie went to the hospital.

"It is a little," Marjorie had admitted a bit anxiously. "But never mind," she continued lightly, hiding the worry in her heart, "if I can have the baby before Stubby gets back, it will save us some important money. Flowers—and little details like that—not really necessary in wartime."

"I'll take care of the flowers," said her mother placidly.

"Well, if you do, mother, I wish you'd send a plant. A pot of tulips, or a primula. They're pretty, and they're cheap, and they'll last the whole time I'm in the hospital. A wartime baby ought to be an economy baby, especially when it's your third."

"You deserve the best," her mother said lovingly, "but I'll send the plant. And when Stubby gets back he can spoil you as usual."

But Stubby wasn't back yet. She mustn't worry about it. She mustn't even think about it. She wished the nurse had left the door open so that she could see down the corridor. She liked to watch the hospital activities. The babies being wheeled down, twelve of them at once on a long traylike carriage. Patients being wheeled off the elevator smelling of ether and murmuring incoherently. Flowers being carried along in florists' boxes. Many of them went to the suite that was occupied by Mrs. Beck. Marjorie was interested in the glimpses she got of the suite. Diane Beck was the wife of Commander Richard Beck who was Stubby's superior officer on the Runnymede.

"And the best commanding officer that ever walked a deck," was Stubby's opinion of Commander Beck. But there—that started her thinking of Stubby again. She wondered if Diane Beck knew anything about the Runnymede. Perhaps her father would. An Admiral should know more than anyone else about the position of the ships.

Marjorie reached up and pressed the button that turned on the light over her door and summoned a nurse. She'd ask for ice water, and also to have the door left open. The telephone at her side rang, and Marjorie picked up the receiver.

It was her mother making her daily report on the management of her daughter's household.

"Everything's fine." Her mother's voice was emphatic. "Nothing at all to worry about. And we're coming over to see you this afternoon."

"Oh, dear," Marjorie said regretfully, "it isn't allowed. The hospital + Continued on page 36



THE ROSES smelled heavenly. And Dick might get in any day. Dick! Tall and almost too handsome in his blue uniform with the stripes on the sleeve. Dick—who had more than earned his last promotion but hadn't wanted to talk about it. Dick—who would rather never have a stripe if people were to think it was because he'd married the Admiral's daughter. Dick—who had held her in his arms that night before he had sailed and hoped he would be in port again before the baby arrived.

"But darling, if you don't get back in time it will be all right. I can manage alone. It won't be any more dangerous for me than the risks you run every day when you're at sea."

"And it's worth the risk. We both know that, don't we?"

"I don't worry about myself. It's just—our life together—if anything should happen. If it should suddenly be broken off—"

His arms closed about her firmly. His voice was full of certitude. "We're going to enjoy life, Diane—every minute of it. And without any regrets or any doubts.

We love life, darling—you and I. We love it too much to be afraid to die."

Diane felt suddenly strong and happy. She was smiling when Doctor Collins came in.

"I can stand it," she said brightly, too brightly to convince the keen-eyed obstetrician.

"We won't let you suffer any more than we have to," he reassured her.

"Just be sure to bring me a good baby, doctor, to be worth all this."

"It will be good-looking anyway," Doctor Collins said jovially. "It has to be with the father and mother it picked."

Diane was accustomed to compliments and accepted them as her right even at the end of nine months pregnancy. She managed a smile and the doctor went out, giving instructions in a low tone to Kinlay who had followed him to the door.

Gradually she slid into a vague limbo through which her own voice and Kinlay's sounded far distant. That was the result of the little white pill, and the

hypo. She was in a little world of her own, but somehow with a perspective on life. All sorts of ideas zigzagged through her mind, but fell into a pattern which changed each one from the inconsequential to the significant. Dick would appreciate all this, she thought. Not quite, but almost, I can see the pattern of the whole universe. A little farther on perhaps I shall be able to see it. Perhaps I shall even be able to see Dick a little farther on. Through the vague world of pain Dick and the baby were confused in her mind. One was taking the place of the other. She was a little resentful of the baby for taking Dick's place. Nurse Kinlay's voice—clear, realistic, practical—pierced through to her conscious mind.

"Would you like a boy or a girl?"

"I don't know—a girl, I suppose."

She could hear her own voice talking to Kinlay, voicing her own thoughts, yet they weren't quite her own thoughts either. Afterward, when she remembered that day, she wondered how many of those vague unconscious ramblings had reached Kinlay's ears. Some of them had at any rate.

go into action



● WHICH END of the shell holds the bang? Marjorie Johnson, Vancouver, aims to find out, and one of Canada's lads in bell-bottomed trousers is happy to explain. The Navy girls use nautical terms with the greatest of ease, and the magnificent traditions of the Senior Service are studied and discussed in classroom lectures.

● HERE'S FUN and relaxation for Wrens in off-duty hours. They read, listen to their favorite name bands on the radio, swap interesting bits of news from home. Mary Ashley, Saskatoon, and Clara Buck, Copper Cliff, Ont., are sharing an amusing letter with Mickey Hanson, Brandon, Mary Gilroy, Mount Forest, Ont., and Nenagh Hutchison from Vancouver. Wrens call their sleeping quarters "cabins"—it's a dead give-away you're a landlubber if you refer to them as bedrooms. The girls serving at this naval base live in a spacious modern barracks, generously supplied with showers, a cheery self-serve mess, a well-equipped recreation room.



● IRENE GAUTHIER, Calgary, lends a helping hand to Opal Dagg, Killarney, Man., to put her in shipshape form for an evening date. Regulations say not too much make-up, and hair-dos must clear collars. Irene's galluses are a tricky note.

They serve ashore—that more men may seek out and destroy the enemy at sea. They're the girls you knew in high school back home, but now they're on active service at an Eastern Canadian naval base!



● DEEP IN a huddle over the ship's lamp, Helen Lighthouse, London, Ont., and Patricia Lill, Kapuskasing, Ont., are learning the secrets of signalling. They were also given the low-down on compass reading and other ship's lore the day they paid a visit to a corvette. There's a special proud cameraderie between the girls and lads who wear those significant groups of initials on their hat-bands.



● COMES A pause in the day's occupations—and Wrens line up for the barracks telephones. The lucky one in the booth signals "It's a date!" to her ship-mates. Will the Wren at the end of the line make it in time?—she looks pretty anxious. Friends who try to make an in-call say they're learning patience and perseverance—they hope SOME DAY, before the war's over, they'll find the line free!



—Photographs courtesy Royal Canadian Navy.

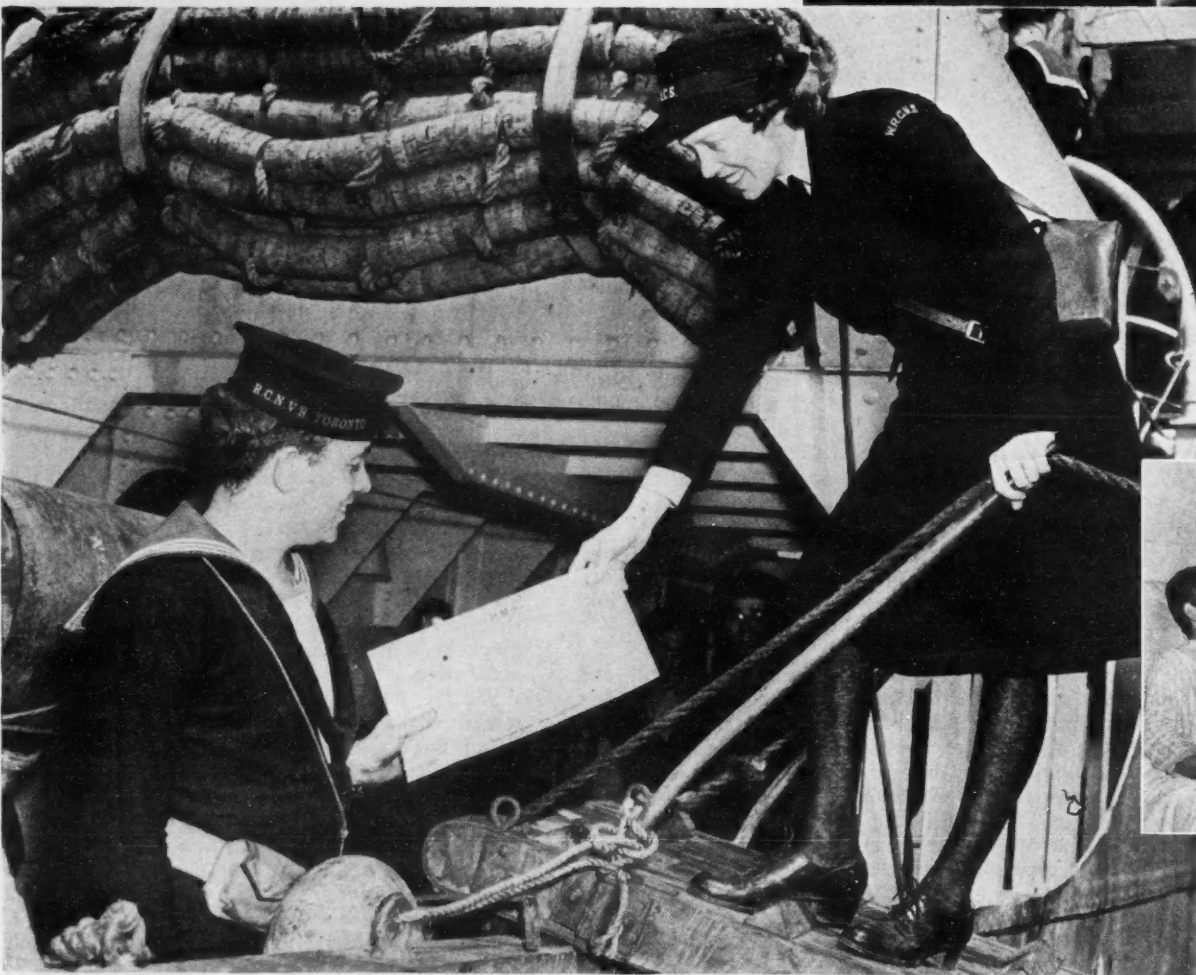


● **HOW MANY** pounds of beef will supply a corvette on a month's patrol, or a minesweeper for a day? Supply Assistant Muriel Spence knows the answers. Here she takes inventory of the meat store in one of the Navy's refrigeration plants. The Wrens (Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service) mustered their first recruits exactly a year ago; they now have more than 2,000 officers and ratings.



● **PHOTOGRAPHY** is just one of the skilled jobs taken over by the Wrens. Blanche Heyes, Port Arthur, works at an enlarger in the Navy's photographic section. Trades of this kind will come in mighty handy after the war, when the girls return to civilian life. The Wrens fill many useful posts in shore establishments—serving as coders, secretaries, writers, sick bay attendants and so on.

● **"SECURITY"**—important, confidential and secret messages delivered by feminine hand to the ships of war as they wait in port. This is one of the times when Wrens on shore duty make direct contact with the fighting Navy. Here, Maria Wallbank, Montreal, hands over a letter to Able Seaman Eric Hall, Toronto, for delivery to his commanding officer.



● **SEAMEN** on this Canadian corvette were swamped with questions the day a party of Wrens came aboard to explore the ship from crow's nest to keel. Coder Sheila Hiller, Toronto, seems to have the ship's lamp firmly in hand.



● **NURSING** Sister Helen Hamilton gets right down to cases as she shows Sick Bay Attendants Doreen McVittie, Violet Field and Mary Haydon the correct way to dress a bullet wound.

The Wrens



"You shouldn't tell me things like this," she protested. "You don't know me well enough."

"I suppose not. But that's the point, you see. It doesn't seem to matter any more. It's as if it had happened to someone else—a young fellow who got married too soon—or to the wrong girl. Now all that matters is this war—and to have some fun before you're knocked into kingdom come."

"But you're all wrong," Sara cried. She felt a sharp urgency to set him straight. "You're terribly wrong. It does matter—all of it. You can't discard marriage like that. I don't believe it. You made a life together for a while. And it's there—all there—like a fire under ashes—the things you did together, the home you built, the little boy you created together . . . You can't get away from those things." Her + Continued on page 41



He can't be mean to her in front of everyone. Sara thought desperately, as Alan went up to Ellen and asked, "Did the bride come C.O.D.?"

Illustrated by
MACHTEY

AIR RAID

Warning

By NAN O'REILLY

SHE SAW him first standing in the doorway of the canteen with a slightly lost look. There was something about his tall thin figure that made her think instantly of Peter, and she found herself moving swiftly toward him, still carrying the plate of sandwiches.

"Can I do anything for you?" she asked.

He put out a hand and slipped a sandwich deftly from the plate into his mouth. Then, with a bulging cheek, he grinned at her.

"A lot."

Almost unwillingly she smiled back. She had seen at once that he was not at all like Peter. There was too much ease and assurance in this young American officer's face, too much confident charm.

"A lot of sandwiches?" she countered, extending the plate.

He took another.

"They're good."

"Should be. I made them."

He took the plate away from her.

"That music isn't bad. How about dancing?"

She rescued her plate.

"Sorry—I'm on duty. But isn't there someone you'd like to meet? You can dance with any of those girls . . ."

He glanced about the big room where the canteen tea dance was being held. It was full of pretty girls in light summer dresses, and bronzed, healthy-looking young officers. Near them was a small fair-haired girl with a flower stuck in her hair, her round tanned face full of laughter. The soldier gestured toward her.

"She's something, isn't she?" Then he looked down into Sara's face. "And I'm married—worse luck."

Sara stiffened, and her face flushed angrily.

"If you mean that, it's a pretty rotten thing to say."

"I mean it all right," he answered, without looking at her, "but I think I'll have a go at the little blond number just the same."

He did not wait to be introduced, but walked easily up to the girl. Sara saw them say a few words to each other and then dance away. She stood there with her plate of sandwiches, a hot anger inside her. Then, as they danced past her, the young officer winked impudently at Sara over his partner's shoulder.

For the rest of the afternoon Sara was too busy to think of the rude soldier, or whether or not he was making rapid headway with his blond partner. She was suddenly engulfed in work. The sandwiches ran out, and she had to send for more bread and fillings and throw herself into the job of cutting and spreading and heaping up plates that seemed to empty with an amazing rapidity.

Then at last it was over. The music stopped. The rooms emptied. Only stacks of dirty plates and cups and saucers were left to be washed up by the weary canteen unit.

It was seven o'clock when Sara rolled down her sleeves, stuck on her swagger felt and made her tired way into the street. Leaning against the wall outside was the young officer.

"You can't be very efficient," he said. "I've been holding up this wall out here for over an hour."

SHE WAS too tired to quarrel with him.

"I'm not," she said. "I'm just exhausted."

"I'll take you home." He whistled at a passing taxi and almost before she knew it Sara was inside it.

"Where to?"

"Eleven West Drive." She leaned back and closed her eyes. "You're wasting your time, soldier. You see, I'm married, too—and like it. What happened to the little blond number?"

"Oh, beauty was only skin deep. Everything was just too, too divine . . . Men are fools, of course, but that line does wear a bit thin after a while."

"I see." The truth was she didn't see. Just what did he want? And if it had been the little blonde, should she, a canteen worker, be encouraging a married man to go after her? It was very confusing and she was glad when the taxi drew up at her house.

"You haven't told me your name," she said as she paused at the foot of her steps.

He pulled off his cap and she saw again that fleeting look of Peter.

"Fraser," he said. "Alan Fraser . . ." He pointed like a small boy to the gold bar on his shoulder. "Second lieutenant—artillery—originally from Rochester, New York."

"You've come a long way from home, haven't you?" she said slowly.

"You said it. Couldn't have come much farther without falling into the Pacific." He fiddled with his cap. "You're not going to ask me in?"

She shook her head apologetically.

"You don't mind, do you? Those dishes have got me down tonight." Impulsively she gave him her hand. "Lots of luck—and thanks for the taxi ride."

That night Sara couldn't sleep. She rolled and tossed and dreamed of sandwiches and dishes, and of a soldier who had, alternately, the impudent, charming face of Lieutenant Alan Fraser and then of Lieutenant Peter Sedgwick. And weaving in and out of the dream were dozens of beautiful blond girls with flowers stuck in their bright curls and with round carefree faces. Finally she got up, slipped on a housecoat and went to kneel by the window. The warm spring night, heavy with flower scent, came into the room, and suddenly Sara put her head down on the window sill.

"Oh, Peter, Peter darling, I'm frightened," she whispered.

She was frightened for herself and for wives everywhere—wives whose homes were broken up by war and whose husbands were overseas or scattered in camps about the whole country. She had been doing canteen work ever since Peter went away, and she knew how it worked. You tried to get the prettiest, the most attractive girls to entertain the soldiers. The homely ones, the ones without charm, were no good to you. Everything was done most correctly, with chaperones galore. But underneath everything were

the excitement and hysteria of war. And the soldiers were lonely. Why shouldn't they have a little fun? And who was to know when fun stopped and something else took its place?

SARA LIFTED her head and looked around her bedroom. She was remembering all at once Peter's last night at home. She had ordered a special dinner—all his favorite dishes—and she had worn the new yellow dress . . . They had had champagne and been very gay, and then it was time to go to bed because his train left at six—and suddenly the pretense of gaiety had left them. They had finally fallen asleep, locked in each other's arms. "I'll be back, Sara—Sara, darling. I'm only going to camp. I'll be back. Don't cry so, my darling." She hadn't meant to cry. She had meant to be brave and dry-eyed, and casual, to make it easier for him. But she couldn't do it. She could only tell him over and over how she loved him, how every minute of their marriage had been pure heaven, how nothing—nothing—could ever change her or make her love him less . . .

She saw his thin dark face now in the shadows of the room—the humorous understanding eyes, the warm sensitive mouth . . . Oh, how could she ever doubt Peter? It was all wrong, almost an insult to their love for each other. It was that wretched soldier who had done this to her, with his careless, bitter slur at marriage. She pressed her hands over her eyes, and then resolutely stood up. She would go back to bed and forget all this nonsense. She was just overtired and it had made her queer and imaginative.

But curiously when she woke up the next morning, she had not forgotten anything about the day before—nor about the miserable night. It was almost without surprise that she answered the telephone and heard Alan Fraser's voice on the other end.

"How about a spot of tea with me this afternoon—or a spot of anything else you'd like better?"

"I can't—I can't really," she said hurriedly. "I've all sort of things to do."

"I see. It doesn't matter how lonely the good old Army is . . . You have to do your knitting or your bridge—or what have you. Well, okay. See you in London."

"But that's terribly unfair. I have to work on some canteen stuff."

"Okay."

"Would you like to come out for dinner?" she heard herself saying to her great surprise. "There are some other people coming. We'll put on another plate if you'd like it . . ."

She heard him give a wicked chuckle.

"I'll be there. Sevenish?"

"Yes," she answered as she put down the phone.

SHE WORE the yellow dress that night. It made her feel, somehow, closer to Peter. And they had a very good time. Everyone liked Alan Fraser. He was lots of fun and almost immediately seemed one of them. But after the rest had gone he lingered on the terrace for a last cigarette. The sound of the ocean lapping against the shore came rhythmically through the darkness; the garden, freshly watered, smelled cool and fresh.

"You have it pretty nice out here," he said after a little. "Do you miss your husband very much?"

"Yes. Very much."

"I see. What's he like?"

"What's he like?" She saw Peter puttering around the garden, practicing his golf strokes, coming home from work to throw his brief case down and swing her into his arms, smoothing back her hair from her forehead in a way he had. She saw him, suddenly, standing in the hospital doorway the day their baby had died—his white tired face wrung with pity . . . Her throat tightened. "I don't think I could tell you what's he like," she said.

"It's like that, is it?"

"Yes—it's like that."

"It must be nice." There was that hard note in his voice again. Then, "It was like that with us, too, in the beginning. We had a little boy—the first year we were married. He died. And it did something to us—to Ellen. Everything seemed to end between us. She didn't seem to care if we had any more children. She didn't seem to care about the little house we had built together—nothing . . . After a while I didn't care either . . ."

making concessions to aggressiveness. After all, countries react in many ways like children. Let's hope world society can bring some of them up properly.

We've probably learned something about the aggressiveness in human nature now, and this time we mustn't forget it. We know now that it's something we must watch for, and the minute that any country starts to manifest undue aggressive tendencies it must be dealt with in no uncertain fashion, quickly and firmly, and with a united front. The united front is very important; remember, just a few indulgent friends can spoil a child and teach it that it can get away with antisocial behavior. So it is most important that, in the future, any country who looks around it, before it tentatively makes its first aggressive move, should find not a single admiring or tolerant face, but, instead, united disapproval of its proposed behavior and clear evidence that it will not be tolerated.

THAT'S THE way we can change human nature: By all civilized people making it clear that society will not tolerate antisocial traits in the individuals of their own country or in other nations any more than a good gardener will tolerate weeds in his garden. We must realize that these traits will, like weeds, overgrow everything else if they are allowed a good start, and that the time they are dealt with most easily is when they first put in their appearance. So we should learn to recognize these traits when they are beginning.

Italy and Germany have given us a clue about recognizing antisocial aggressiveness as it begins; we all remember that long before the war it began in these countries with certain groups of people committing acts of aggression on what were often their more civilized fellow-citizens. And they got away with it. They told their neighbors in the community what to say and write and what they could listen to and read.

In short, the beginning of antisocial aggressiveness is linked with a disinclination to respect the dignity of the individual and his right to lead the sort of life he chooses provided he doesn't interfere with anyone else. And when, in any country, society fails to make it clear that such a concept is not tolerable, antisocial aggression has taken root. This, perhaps, is something we all might remember for the postwar world.

Yes, it's time that society framed a new set of standards to define civilized behavior both for people within a country and for countries within a world, and saw to it that departures from these standards would not be tolerated. The old set of standards hasn't worked very well; in the past few decades it has allowed both selfishness and aggressiveness to get so out of hand that each almost destroyed civilization. The old set strained at too many gnats and swallowed too many camels. But it won't be easy to frame a new set that is better—not unless we all wake up to a fact that we have pushed aside for too many years, that responsible government means that the responsibility is on each one of us.

We are the ones who will make up the public opinion that will cause revision of the rules. The rules won't be a bit better unless we all assume our responsibility and do our best to become well-informed, and then act according to the dictates of logical thought rather than habit or prejudice. Then maybe we'll have a world where, at least, antisocial tendencies on the part of any country will be considered to consist of something more fundamental than a diplomat's choice of the wrong kind of clothes for a state banquet. ♦



Textbook for Living

By REV. J. S. HARRINGTON

IT WAS Mr. H. G. Wells who some years ago said that "the cement had fallen out of society," and that the only way to recover it was by a return to Bible reading. There was widespread interest in this statement, and at the time a certain amount of amazement. There would not be the same amazement today. It is quite evident that something is radically wrong with society, and that matters are not bettered by material prosperity. Following a period unparalleled for the wealth of its materialistic civilization, and with the wonders of science unfolding with dazzling rapidity, man, with new and powerful tools in his hands, has yet found himself unable to create the world for which his heart longs. For most of us there has been dropped from the equation of life as we live it some essential factor. No wonder the true solution of life's enigma has eluded us. There is a growing conviction that the missing factor is the spiritual factor, and that the devastating strife in which we are immersed is the clash of two opposed interpretations of life; the one material, the other spiritual. "There is not one of the ten commandments," said the Rt. Hon. W. L. Mackenzie King, "which Nazi youth has not been instructed to repudiate; not one of the beatitudes in the Sermon on the Mount which they have not been taught to despise."

It is one of the strange anomalies of war that its inescapable suffering and tragedy inevitably start man's thoughts on a quest

for a power beyond and above his own. Unless he accepts war as his natural heritage, man has deep rooted within him the hope that peace, when it comes, will be permanent and abiding. It is no wonder then that when within the life span of a single generation we have witnessed two such gigantic struggles as World War I and World War II, there is unmistakable evidence of an upswing in interest in basic religion, and a renewed search for those underlying truths and fundamental laws which have to do with the moral and spiritual sphere of life.

The words of Viscount Halifax at Laval University some weeks ago were a challenge to renew this spiritual contact with God. "One of the world's greatest tragedies—unnoticed—unmarked," said Lord Halifax, "is the hunger and thirst of millions today for something they would be totally incapable of putting into words. Man's real need is a knowledge of how to open his heart to God in prayer. Small wonder if men and women throughout the world are ill at ease if they have lost in their great need the power to pray."

WITHOUT IN any way minimizing the necessity of meeting a strong and relentless foe with weapons adequate for the purpose, there is yet being borne in upon us more and more the fact that a victory of arms alone is not sufficient. These wars do not end war; they only bring to us new and deeper realizations of the ♦ Continued on page 24

By Dr. Arthur W. Ham

THAT old alibi—it's human nature. That's the reason we'll always have wars, the pessimists say. People have always fought and they always will. And nothing can be done about it because it's human nature. And we can't change that. That's why we'll always have poverty and slums. And why people you thought were friends will gyp you out of your hard-earned money or peddle malicious gossip about you. And why, if you try to be fair and reasonable, and just and honest, you'll be leading with your chin. Better get wise to life, they say, and adopt a dog-eat-dog philosophy. There's no use trying to buck human nature.

But is this human nature? Is it natural for people to be selfish, aggressive, and even cruel? Certainly it is. And what's worse, human nature is such that it allows people who are like this to sincerely believe they are the opposite. We all know selfish people who have no idea they are selfish, indeed they really believe that they are forever being imposed upon. Then how often do aggressive people, the ones that take a mile if you give an inch, know that they are aggressive?

Even the people who are cruel often believe that they are kindly. Take the case of that so-called friend of yours who thought there was something you "really should know." Something that made you feel like a worm under a board for days. The friend, of course, doesn't dream that she's giving rein to the cruel streak in her nature—that she thoroughly enjoys inflicting pain. No, indeed! Friends like that think that they are being real friends, that they are doing you a service. And the more service they can perform in their lives the better. They'll never admit, even to themselves, that they have any unpleasant aspects to their nature.

No, there's no use denying that human nature has some pretty seedy aspects. The plain truth is



Ashley & Crippen

The author — anatomist by profession, and a keen hobbyist in the realm of psychology. After research work in British East Africa and the United States, came back to Canada and his alma mater, the University of Toronto; is now one of the honorary secretaries of the Banting Research Foundation. Co-authored an important new book on study habits, "Doctor in the Making."

CAN WE CHANGE

Human Nature?

You've heard it many times — the reactionary's comeback, the squelching retort to your pet argument for the better world: "But you can't change human nature!" This author believes we can, by careful thought individually, and proper action collectively

that Mother Nature endows every individual born into this world with a lot of the same impulses that she gives to wild animals—all the things necessary to survive in the jungle. If you find this pretty hard to believe, that every baby is endowed with these, just remember that all of history's villains, from Bluebeard to Hitler, probably looked pretty harmless and benign when they were asleep in their cribs.

No, kidding ourselves that human nature is better than it really is just gets us into trouble. It's being just as silly as a person who denies he has an appendix when it's inflamed and ready to burst. It's much more sensible for a person to admit that he has an appendix, and a bad one at that, then something can be done about it. And if we have any ideas about making this world a happier and a more peaceful one, we'd better start by admitting that human nature has some aspects which are just as likely to cause trouble for the world as an appendix can for a person. Then we'll be able to do something about it.

BUT IS this all there is to human nature? Are the pessimists right, that nothing can be done about it, and that we'd all better adopt a dog-eat-dog philosophy? Certainly not. Fortunately there's another side to human nature, a side which is powerful enough, if it is utilized, to make people generous instead of selfish, fair instead of aggressive, and kindly instead of cruel. This is the side of human nature that makes civilization possible. It's this:

Human nature is such that a human being bates to be alone. And what is more, he wants the approval, friendship and affection of the people he is with. And this is what makes him capable of becoming a civilized person. If he finds out early enough in life, from good practical experience, that he can't be unduly selfish, aggressive and otherwise anti-

social, and have his associates approve of and like him, he'll become a fit person for civilized life.

But here's the catch. The human being will always make a try at eating his cake and having it too. A child will always experiment at being antisocial, just because all living creatures inherit antisocial tendencies. And if he finds that this does not lose him the approval and affection of his associates, he'll go right on being antisocial and thus become a very unpleasant person. And this can happen very easily. If his parents are over-indulgent, if the children he plays with put up with his bad behavior because he has lots of pocket money or the best toys, or if any of a great many other similar things happen to prevent him from really learning that he can't be antisocial and get away with it, he'll become one of those people that give human nature a bad name.

WELL, WHAT can be done about it? We can do a lot if we will just remember that human beings are born with antisocial tendencies and that they have to learn the hard way, from actual experience, that they can't get away with giving these antisocial tendencies free rein.

Take, for instance, this matter of aggressiveness. In the period before the war (and it's easy to see this now) most of us became deluded into thinking that human nature had changed. We forgot that human beings were still being born with powerful aggressive tendencies that would only become subordinated if they weren't tolerated. And that these tendencies would grow and flourish if they were tolerated. So, forgetting this, most people were surprised when concessions to the aggressive acts of Japan, Italy and Germany failed to satisfy them and instead only seemed to make them increasingly aggressive. Any child psychologist, or any wise mother, could have pretty well predicted what would happen when civilized countries began

You never know who's listening—or watching—and who could have dreamed that the Professor with the absent-minded academic air would find himself absorbingly interested in the goings-on next door?



You'd better check on Beany's tooth brushing. He doesn't work on those new front teeth the way he should. I think his clothes will last till I get back. He was called up before the principal again last week for fighting and I had to get him some new corduroys. Here's a list I made out. Oh, yes, the C.I.D. called. They want to check on something, probably another one of your students going into the Signal Corps."

"Where did you say you were going?" Timothy put in mildly.

"To Montreal. To marry Bill."

"Bill?"

"Never mind, dear, don't try to remember. It's just that he has three weeks now, and he may not even be in this country after that, and I don't know how long he will be gone nor when I'll see him again, so I'm flying down to marry him. It won't upset your work at all. I'm almost late, and I must hurry. Pinky will give you the details. She's been a wonderful help. By the way, you'll have to get dinner for Beany tonight, and for yourself. I've loaned Della to Pinky. She's giving a party."

"Now, wait a minute," Timothy began.

"It's all right, father. You know we haven't done any entertaining here for almost a year, and Della loves a party. I always lend her to Pinky. Della herself offered to go the first time, and it's got to be a habit. There's meat loaf in the icebox and caramel pudding in a covered icebox dish and some squash from last night. If you get stuck, call Della. She's only across the hedge. Good-by, darling." Jill's blue eyes filled abruptly with tears. "I'll be so darn glad," she said, "when Browning's booked and you can be a father again." She kissed him with affectionate fury and fled through the door.

TIMOTHY WHIPPED his long legs into action and caught her at the front door.

"Here," he said, and thrust his cheque book into her hands. "I'll bank some money for you tomorrow. If you want to back out at the last moment, come on home. This is all very hasty, it seems to me. Your mother wouldn't like it."

"Yes, dear," Jill said. He watched her running up the walk, and heard the car door slam and the car start away. It was some time before he began to feel mistreated and ignored, and by that time Beany was home.

Beany had a bloody nose. Timothy administered to him over the washtub in the basement where Beany led him with obviously experienced wisdom. There was blood on the boy's shirt and on his trousers, and even one ear was gory. As usual Timothy was awed and abashed by his son. He himself had grown up in an atmosphere of dialectic encounters where the test of one's strength was conviction and an ability to speak grammatically. If there had been fist-fights they had not impressed him, though he could still remember almost word for word the argument he had used the first time he had bested his father. Beany came home every few days with abrasions. And now, giving the details, he was not even speaking English so far as Timothy could discern.

"He lammed me a nasty on the kisser, and I blitzed him right in the basket, and then he got sore. He sure can peel a punkin. Boy, feel that!" He

With a cry he himself did not understand, Timothy leaped forward and clutched at the cloaked figure.



She had heard him approaching, and stood now, her face pale in the starlight, looking at him speechless.

touched his nose with tender grimy fingers. It was purplish and swollen, and Timothy was sympathetic.

"Aw, he shouldn't have called me a liar," Beany said. His dark hair was a jungle tangle, and his undershirt hung outside his pants all around. He was tall for a nine-year-old.

"I should think not," Timothy agreed emphatically. Beany looked up at his father with a critical and measuring eye, wondering, Timothy sensed, how far he could go with the old man.

"Anyway, he couldn't prove I was lyin'. I told him you were doing some secret work for the Government."

"There's an 'n' in that word," Timothy said automatically, before the significance of Beany's statement came to him. "You told him what?"

"Well, like now when we're all supposed to be doing our part, I can't just tell the gang you're writing a book of poetry, can I?"

"I'm not writing poetry. I'm writing a book about a poet. A great poet."

"Yeah," Beany said. "So I cooked this up about you doing secret work for the Government so's it wouldn't look so funny your coming home from the campus every day and shutting yourself up in your study. I had to tell 'em something. They think you're a spy."

Such, Timothy thought, were the rewards of intellectual endeavor in a barbarous world.

"You can tell them for me," he said with some heat. "I've worn this suit for three years and bought bonds with the money a new one would have cost, besides buying more than my quota from the time they were first put on sale. I'm an air-raid warden, I've done a stint at the spotter's post, I walk to school to save gasoline, and I'm a building warden at the university." It had seemed a sizeable contribution to Timothy.

"Sure, sure," Beany said soothingly. "I know you're all right. It wouldn't help if you were Montgomery, shutting yourself up ♣ Continued on page 18



eyes, drooped a little at the outer corners, giving her face a voluptuous implication. The eyes were, however, so direct in their glance one saw at once the girl's languorous grace and gentle beauty were the inadvertent garments of her being.

Timothy was surprised to see her dressed to go out, when it must be nearly dinner time. Lately a week at a time had gone by without a glimpse of her, engaged as she was with the things twenty-year-old young women do, and adamant as he had been about his seclusion.

"Father," she said now, smiling at him with patience and affection, "I am sorry to bother you, but I'm taking the plane to Montreal, and there are some things I want to remind you about before I go. Della will be here, of course, and she'll plan the meals and do the buying and take care of you until I get back.

Timothy

AND THE WIDOW PINKERTON

By Norma Bicknell Mansfield

ILLUSTRATED BY JACK BUSH

TIMOTHY stood in the window of his study observing the Widow Pinkerton. She was cutting early roses from the bushes in the border garden of her lawn, and Timothy could see her wide sun hat above the low hedge separating his slope of lawn from hers. As always when he saw her, he was irritated. Since she had moved into the house next door a year ago—since he had first seen her, his precise mind corrected—she had been an interruption to the work he had in hand.

Timothy was writing a book; he was annotating Robert Browning's works. His first book on the bard, an explanatory and disquisitionary biography, had won him his Ph.D. fifteen years before, and he had come straight here on a satisfying offer from the university to teach. Here in this house, with its expansive frontage on the lake and virgin firs to frame a view, his second child, a son, had been born, and here his wife had died.

Lila's going had not been a shock to Timothy; she had been ailing through most of their married life, and while she had managed to organize and direct the household with remarkable firmness, her physical strength had never rallied after Beany's birth. Neither had her death been an acute loss to Timothy; what had seemed a delightful practicality to a dreamy student at their marriage had proved to be a disillusioning avarice for material things. With money Timothy had from his father's estate he had bought this house and the rug and the silver Lila coveted, while the mind he had also inherited from his father secluded itself more and more with Browning. Lila had thought something big could be done with a popularized book on the poet, one of these debunking recollections of his private life. She was sure it would make money. Timothy, by nature amenable and affectionate, kept her as happy as she would allow herself to be, putting off from year to year the tedious research required for the annotation. Now, at 42 and with two years of musty, painstaking work behind him, he felt himself equipped to begin his outline. Curiously, at



Timothy administered to the bloody nose over the basement washtub.

her lovely smile doing unintellectual things to Timothy. He laid his response to her, a quickened sense of his animal being, to the springtime and to her remarkable charms. She was beautiful, slim and rounded, and, for a woman nearing forty, supple and

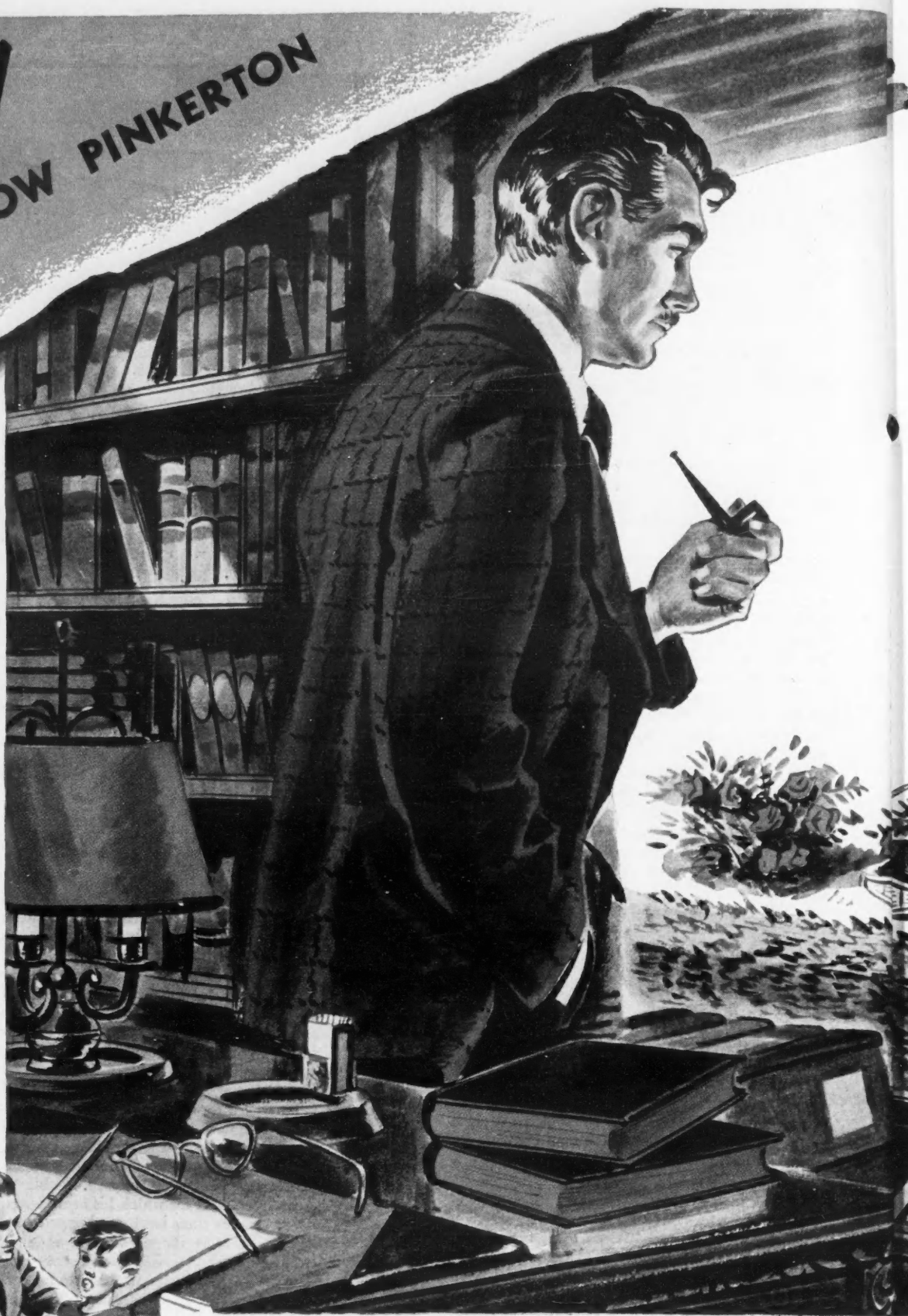
this point, where, he should have been keen to proceed, his thoughts would not marshal; they concerned themselves with the season, the budding leaves, the greenness of the grass, the fragrance of the world.

MRS. PINKERTON looked up and waved,

young. Timothy had met her a few times at the functions he had attended infrequently before he had withdrawn entirely six months ago to immerse himself in "The Ring and The Book." It annoyed him that he found her delightful. Another year or so of hard work lay ahead of him; there was no place in his life for romance.

Nevertheless, he watched her moving up the slope toward her house, a basket of roses on her arm, rose shears swinging lightly on one slim extended finger, and thought her silhouette as pretty a thing as the fragrance of spring itself.

Behind him there was a tap at the study door and his daughter, Jill, entered. She wore a tailored suit and a perky little hat as blue as her eyes, a match for the topcoat carried on her arm. She was a slim girl, taller than her mother had been, but with her mother's





WARTIME GUIDE TO SUMMER MEALS



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Battling the Budget

By Lillian D. Millar

IT ISN'T easy to try to adjust your family finances to all the changes war has brought. If your husband is in a salaried position, your income is probably about the same as it was before the war but your expenditures have developed some alarming bulges. There is the bulge of higher prices, another of new taxes and still another of war savings. You have tried to make your income go round these new demands and your normal expenditures, too. But it simply won't do this three-way stretch. Something must be done, for you don't want to run into debt.

Or maybe you are the wife of a skilled workman. During depression years your family income became very slender, even emaciated. But now your husband is drawing good wages and probably your son or daughter also has a job. Your total family income may be two or even three times what it was when war started. Your problem is quite different from that of the family mentioned above. You don't have to reduce your pre-war expenditures for they were down to a minimum, but you do need some plan to ensure balanced, intelligent spending and to keep your buying from getting out of bounds.

No matter what your circumstances, you can never cope with all these wartime changes if you haven't some plan of spending. A budget, which puts it all down in black and white so that you can see where you are heading, is more needed than ever before. Family budgeting was badly needed even before the war, for according to an official survey, the average Canadian family paid out more than it received. It had to borrow or else use capital to keep going and pay life insurance or other fixed savings.

If you have never kept a family budget, why not start now? If you already keep one, this is a good time to revise it to see how it is working.

HOW WILL you go about making up a budget? The first job is to estimate your yearly income. An annual budget is better than a monthly or weekly one because many expenditures are made only occasionally and these must be included. When you have made up your yearly plan you can divide it into weekly or monthly parts.

When you know how much you have to spend, you come to the real task of distributing this money to provide the maximum well-being of every member of the family and at the same time take care of your new wartime responsibilities. This is a problem no one can solve for you. It all depends on your own particular circumstances, your income, the number of children you have, their ages, etc. However, it is useful to see how other families spend their money. In the panel on this page we give a budget of the average Canadian family with pre-war income of

about \$2,600. We show how war has changed the finances of this family and suggest one way in which the expenses can be kept within the income. In the last column you will note the percentage of income which this family now pays out for each item. These percentages will guide you but you will have to adjust them to suit your own circumstances.

EXPENDITURES OF AVERAGE FAMILY

With Pre-war Income of \$2,632 a Year
Family of Five

	How War has affected Annual Expenses		One way budget might be balanced		
	Before the War \$	Now \$	Annual \$	Weekly \$	% of Income
1. Food.....	578	738	590	11.35	21
2. Housing.....	420	450	450	8.66	16
3. Fuel and light.....	142	168	133	2.56	5
4. Clothing.....	260	312	240	4.62	9
5. Furniture.....	196	219	75	1.44	3
6. Health.....	95	105	105	2.02	4
7. Recreation.....	179	210	105	2.02	4
8. Transportation.....	306	350	170	3.27	6
9. Household operation.....	74	85	85	1.63	3
10. Personal care.....	35	40	32	.61	1
11. Children's education; vocations.....	51	51	51	.98	2
12. Community welfare; gifts.....	106	106	79	1.52	3
Total.....	2,442	2,834	2,115	40.68	77
13. Income tax.....		†224	†224	4.31	8
14. Fixed savings.....	*362	225	225	4.33	8
15. War savings.....		200	200	3.84	7
Total outgo.....	2,804	3,483	2,764	53.16	100
Total income.....	2,632	2,764	2,764	53.16	

*Includes other savings. † Total 1943 tax \$447.12, less full savings credits of \$223.56. These amounts would have to be increased by amount of any balance of 1942 taxes still unpaid.

In first column are official figures published by Dominion Bureau of Statistics of actual average expenditures of Canadian families whose average income before the war was about \$2,600 a year. Figures in second column show how price increases have changed this family's position. In last columns we suggest one way to balance budget. A 5% increase in income has been assumed.

For example, if your income is smaller than this family's you will have to set aside a larger percentage for the four basic necessities: food, housing, fuel and light, clothing. This will leave you a smaller percentage available for other spending and for savings. An official survey of family expenditures showed that the family with \$1,500 pre-war income had to spend 27% for food, 18% for housing, 6% for fuel and light, 10% for clothing—in all 61% of total income for the four basic needs.

IF YOU have never kept a budget, it is a good plan to first figure out how you spend your money now. This shows you how you stand and where and how much you must whittle down your expenses. (Later in this article we show items which go under each heading in illustrated budget. These will help you.) Fill in

fixed expenses you know, collect all receipts you can and look up your cheque stubs. Get the whole family to help you to remember. Then estimate the rest as best you can. Make a fairly liberal allowance for miscellaneous or unforeseen expenditures, so that your whole budget will not be upset the first time an unexpected expense comes along.

Now that you have your present expenditures classified and totalled, how do they look? Do they add up to more than your income? Are you spending too much on one item and skimping on a more

important one? Have you assumed your share of war savings? And finally, how can you balance your budget? Two ways are open: you can either increase your income or reduce your expenses, or you may be able to use a combination of the two.

At first glance it may seem impossible to increase your income, but is it? Women are needed urgently for part-time work both in war industries and in many types of business. You might be able to rent a room. That would help not only to balance your own budget but also to ease the housing shortage. Then, you may have a hobby that could be turned to practical purposes. There is always a market for handicrafts and hand-made articles.

But probably most of the adjustment will have to be made by paring expenditures. Where can savings be safely made? In this, too, you must be guided by your particular circumstances and needs. Provide for essentials first and then cut the other items. It may help you if we outline the method used to balance the budget of our typical family.

1. The food budget should not be cut at the expense of essential food values, for your health and efficiency depend on your getting a balanced diet. However, most families can make a saving by sacrificing variety of foods and by replacing low-cost foods of equal food value for

more expensive ones.

2. Housing budget has been left unchanged. This item includes rent, or, if you live in owned home, interest payments, taxes and repairs and other upkeep expenses. Principal payments on mortgage go into savings.

3. A 20% cut has been made on fuel and light estimates. Strict supervision and careful management should make this possible.

4. Next, clothing. Official survey showed that about one-third total family clothing expenditures went for children's clothes. As children give their clothes hard wear we have left this estimate at pre-war level, but we have cut allowance for adults' clothing by about one third.

5. Furniture budget also includes electrical equipment and house

Continued on page 33

always do what Pinky asks you to do without grumbling."

"Gosh, Pop," Beany said, "she made it sound like you were doing something important." He grinned. "You sure looked funny."

"Funny?"

"Della's cap ain't big enough for you," said Beany.

With Beany in bed, Timothy returned to the study, his long legs carrying him up and back, up and back the shallow length of the room. He felt challenged and renewed, and he wondered why he hadn't called on the widow in neighborly fashion. He had been churlish, and she had been generous enough to like him in spite of that.

His children had always been dear to him, his most important contribution to the world, but they seemed to him now to have repaid in fullest measure the pain and confusion and defeat he had sometimes felt in their presence; they had made Pinky like him.

Later, hearing the cars next door start away, he had none of his erstwhile feelings of annoyance which, he admitted now, had been in some measure envy. He went on listing the geographical references in "Sordello," still vigorously alert and keen. When he heard Della come in, he hooded his typewriter and made ready for the walk he took each night to break his concentration. With someone in the house, he could leave Beany.

The night was sweet with spring and he strode through it, his heels noisy on the pavement, his spirit liting. Why had he thought he was old? He was as young as the year. He would ask Pinky to dinner tomorrow night. He would tell Della in the morning.

His thoughts were still winged, going homeward, and he turned his face up to the sky from time to time, feeling tender toward the stars. It was on the return voyage from one of these heavenly glimpses that he saw, in the small clump of tall evergreens shrouding the garbage can, a flicker of pale movement.

THE HOUSES built on the lake, Timothy's among them, had the problem of disposing of their garbage inconspicuously while it waited each week for the garbageman to make his collection. There was a community agreement to keep the receptacles clean and odorless, available to the garbage man who was specific in his demands on distance from his truck, amount of collection and other details, and to keep the cans themselves so hidden they would not be suspected by outsiders. Timothy's was set well back among trees surrounding it from all sides, and under ordinary circumstances he would have been unaware of it, but tonight he had been walking with his head thrown back. He saw the pale flicker and strode toward it expecting to rout a dog.

Pinky was standing there. She still wore the yellow dress, and her hair was still smooth and closely molded to her small head. In one hand she held the top to Timothy's garbage can. In the other she held what looked to be a piece of crumpled lettuce. She was, obviously, depositing the last of the debris from her party—in Timothy's receptacle.

"Hello," he said.

She had heard him approaching and

she stood now, her face pale in the starlight, looking at him, speechless.

Timothy said quickly, "Did you overflow your garbage can?"

Pinky sighed. It was a quick little breath, and there was something in it to make Timothy look at her more sharply.

"Yes," she said, and laughed, an unnatural little sound, "yes, that's what happened. Jill said we could borrow space in yours when ours was full. The collector comes tomorrow. I hope you don't mind." She put the lettuce into the can and laid the cover over it.

"Here, let me," Timothy said. He reached out, but her hand still clung to the handle and his fingers closed on hers. They were cold, he noticed, and the grip she had on the handle had pulled the soft skin taut over the bones. She withdrew her hand abruptly, and Timothy had a sense of loss. He manoeuvred the cover into place and pushed it down.

"It's remarkable," he said, "what these fellows can do to a garbage can in a half-dozen tries. You should have a jacket. You're shivering."

To his astonishment she reached up swiftly and touched his cheek with her fingertips.

"You're sweet, Timothy," she said.

He heard her light, flying steps on the brick walk circling her house.

IT WAS close to noon, and Timothy was absorbed in preparing a lecture the next day when there was a rapid knock on his office door. It sounded like the police and it was, in the form of a tall quiet man dressed in precisely neat business clothes, and straightforward in his manner. Timothy had long since lost a sense of uneasiness in the presence of the Government investigators. He had found the C. I. D. courteous and businesslike in their questioning about various students of his being considered for responsible positions in the armed forces.

"Come in," he said. "Who is it now?" He took some pleasure in being as businesslike as they were, and he reached for his file to find the card he expected to need.

"My name's Hacker," the man said, extending a knuckled hand. "Hate to bother you when you're busy, but there are a few questions." He paused thoughtfully, offered Timothy a cigarette, took one himself and waited for a light. "We've been wondering about that neighbor of yours, that Mrs. Pinkerton," he said.

Timothy had trouble with the match and searched for another with one long finger in his vest pocket.

"I don't mind telling you," Hacker went on, "we came to you because you've been a help several times before. We've been able to check your statements, and you have"—he hesitated for a word, bringing it out diffidently—"discretion. The fact is we've been watching Mrs. Pinkerton for some time. Gives lots of parties, doesn't she?"

"Yes."

"Lots of military people?"

"Her husband was a major. There's every reason for her to enjoy the association."

Hacker looked at him gravely and Timothy took guard. The feeling of emptiness grew within him.

"Yes," Hacker said. "We've been doing some fancy things at the port of embarkation, doing a good job down

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Timothy and the Widow Pinkerton :: From page 15

the way you do all the time. They think you're nuts."

"Beany," Timothy said, "let's see what there is for dinner."

"Pinky said I was to come over there and get a feed. Come on, Pop. She'll feed you too."

Timothy, ordinarily the mildest of men, exploded. While his back had been turned he had been sabotaged by the widow. He recognized, while his anger was expanding, he had retired so completely from his family during these past few months he had no grounds for righteous indignation, but the least he had asked of his family, he told himself, was loyalty and a mild appreciation of his efforts. Annotating Browning was no childish pastime. It had cost him much in loneliness and despair.

Marching up the stairs, with Beany shuffling behind him, the rational part of his mind was saying quietly something about gratitude to the widow for her interest in his offspring, pointing out slyly the inconsistency of resenting Beany's pleasure in her when he himself spent more time than professorial dignity warranted watching her at her daily stint of gardening.

"You'll eat here and like it," he said gruffly.

"Sure," Beany said and Timothy was warmed by his enthusiasm. "You used to sling a mean omelet. Remember the one you tried to flip?"

"Experimentation," said Timothy, "is a privilege inherited from our pioneer ancestors."

He tied on one of Della's aprons, and Beany found a small dab of lacy cap and applied that to Timothy's thick brush of dark hair, and they set about getting dinner. They decided in favor of fried onions as opposed to squash, and Beany thought the meatloaf would be improved by putting catsup with the onions and adding the meat to that.

"Will you rub my stomach later if I rub yours?" Timothy said.

Beany was refusing future commitments when the back door buzzer sounded.

"The police," Timothy said, but it was Pinky.

SHE CAME in quickly and closed the door behind her and stood a moment against it, smiling at them. She wore a dinner dress of daffodil yellow, and her brown hair was brushed high and lay in soft waves close to her small head. In that kitchen, loud with the odor of frying onions, she was ethereal.

"You're having dinner here?" Her voice was youthful and warm.

"Hey, Pop," Beany said "the grub's burning."

"Here," she said, "let me." She took the spatula from him and manipulated it expertly in the mess they had prepared. "Smells delicious," she said. She moved about the kitchen, tidying the table they had set, serving their food. "There now, eat it while it's hot. I must go. My guests are due and the canapés aren't finished." But she sat down in the breakfast nook to get Timothy seated and started on his dinner. "I do appreciate the loan of Della," she said. "She is competent and willing, and she enjoys serving. Have you had her long?"

Timothy, fascinated by the astonishing blueness of her eyes, mumbled an answer. "About a year."

Airman's Wife

By Verna Loveday Harden

★

He has come back from another world,
Poised for returning flight,
Bringing loneliness with him.

Having looked from imperious heights
On the small creatures that cumber the earth,
He has suspected their unimportance:
A steady companionship with stars
Has freed him from lesser loyalties.
He is solicitous and kind.
Yet a stranger in my arms.

A woman has no weapon against the majesty of clouds;
No song to silence the symbolic winds of heaven;
Nor can she dissemble the fascination of far planets.

He has come back from another world,
Bringing loneliness with him.

sleeper. I often hear you starting off on a walk as late as midnight." Beany looked up at his father with quickened interest. Timothy put down his fork and considered Pinky. "You're surprised, aren't you?" she said. "I live alone, you see, and I have the opportunity to be curious about my neighbors. Besides, Jill and Beany have been friendly, and I've heard so much about you from them I've begun to feel responsible for you. You can't help liking someone your friends adore, even if you don't know him well. Please eat your dinner, Professor Waldron." She stood up, and the soft folds of the yellow dress sighed. "My father taught at the university for years. He had his Ph.D. in philosophy. I've wanted to tell you for a long time," she said, "how important it is just now for you to go on with your book." Color mounted in her cheeks, but she went on resolutely. "Man has created so little that's immortal, we must preserve it. We must preserve and interpret and understand it now more completely than ever before. I wanted you to know I feel that way." She leaned forward and brushed Beany's rumpled hair with her lips and left swiftly, closing the door quietly behind her. Timothy sat in thoughtful silence; she had restated concisely his sincerest belief, and had freshened the task for him, given it dignity.

"Beany," Timothy said, "I hope you

he would call her later. In his study, pacing up and down, he weighed pros and cons. In the end he decided this was an admirable opportunity to discover what went on at the Widow Pinkerton's. He called her and accepted.

He wondered, later, dressing, why mortals weren't born with a set of instructions attached. It seemed too much to ask of them to move wisely through the world's confusions. Beany came in to admire him in his black tie and the white mess jacket Lila had made him buy four or five years ago.

"Gee, Pop," Beany said, "you'd make a swell waiter."

"When you grow up, my son, and I'm supporting you, I'll remember that," Timothy said. He humored Beany and went out the front door while the boy went out the back, headed for one of Pinky's feeds in her kitchen.

Timothy, feeling awkward and tongue-tied, touched the bell at her door and pulled down his jacket. Jill hadn't been here to tie his tie, and it was probably crooked. Pinky's maid, a trig little blonde in summer uniform, answered the door. Inside, the house was as he had expected it to be—inviting and warm with color, a pair of Whistler etchings over the large old-fashioned piano, a modern well-lighted Simon on the far wall. The fireplace was filled with dogwood, and there were bowls of Pinky's splendid roses everywhere. There was a white-haired colonel sitting stiffly on the edge of a deep chair talking briskly with a navy lieutenant. The room filled slowly with army and navy personnel and beautiful women. Timothy was grateful to Beany for the half-hour's brush-up the boy had given him on the meaning of stripes and insignia.

Pinky was not in the room. Della came in presently with a tray of tall drinks, and Timothy took one gingerly. Della's face revealed neither pleasure nor surprise at seeing him there.

Pinky appeared among them, greeting Timothy and other newcomers, her hair softly curled tonight, her dress white and close-fitting, giving her a sophistication alien to Timothy. He could not take his eyes from her, but after her first warm greeting she seemed to forget him altogether. It became clearer to

him why Della liked to attend her parties. There was an air about them, a current of gaiety and excitement.

There was much talk—loud, and to Timothy indiscreet chatter, but the effect of the chatter was pleasantly exhilarating, as though he were participating in a preliminary setup to something that would be smashing news if it were fully disclosed. Later, at the dinner table, over Pinky's excellent food, he could think of nothing actually revealing he had heard. But it was different after dinner, in the small library off the living room, where Pinky led him to show him some photostatic copies of Wordsworth and Coleridge originals her father had had made in England many years before.

The white-haired army man, Colonel James, sauntered in behind them, and he told of the trouble he had had in England during the last war getting good beer.

"I've done my best," he said, "to get bottoms for beer shipments to follow our boys this trip, but no one sees the strategic importance of good beer." He laughed, a booming noise in that small room. "Maybe they're right," he said. "Maybe they're right. I can't say I'd have put beer in as cargo on that shipment of tanks we sent out last night from Halifax."

Timothy stood, head bent over a facsimile of Kubla Khan, and felt the blood rushing up to his hair.

"Sh!" Pinky said, laughing, "military secrets."

"Oh, we're all friends here," the colonel said, but Timothy was relieved to get out of the room and away from him.

He was relieved to get out of the house. It seemed to him Pinky clung to his hand, bidding him good night, and there was something he could not read in her eyes; fear, despair, chagrin? He thanked her brusquely for the evening and strode across the lawn to his house, conscious of the dew dampening his trousers, slapping against his silk-clad ankles. His thoughts were concise. Tomorrow was garbage collection day. The information must be passed along tonight.

He changed swiftly into old clothes,
+ Continued on Inside Back Cover

SUMMER SKETCH

By Carol Coates

This one day shall I lie in the flaming sun,
and let the sunlight seep to the marrow of my bones,
hunger my only clock.

Lie face down in the tempting grass,
put my ear to the earth,
and let the wind riot in my hair.
Cut out from the round of thought,
Junior's worn-out shoes
and the cancelled chequebook.

Stare straight up through the incredible blue,
and watch the fingers of the wind
shred the cotton clouds,
or roll the wheels of thistledown
along the uncharted roadways of the world.
See the butterflies tea-partying in the heliotrope,
and the oblique wings of a bird slicing the sky.

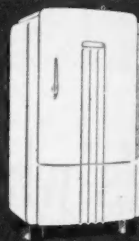
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Victory Recipe

BLUEBERRY TARTLETS

1/2 cupful of sugar
3 tablespoonfuls
of flour

1/8 teaspoonful of salt
1/2 cupful of water
2 cupfuls of blueberries

1 1/2 teaspoonfuls of lemon
juice
1 tablespoonful of butter

Combine the sugar, flour and salt, add the water gradually, stirring until smooth, then combine with the blueberries. Cook, stirring gently until the mixture is thickened. Remove from the heat, add the lemon juice and butter and allow to cool. Turn into baked tart shells and when cold serve with ice cream. Eight tartlets.

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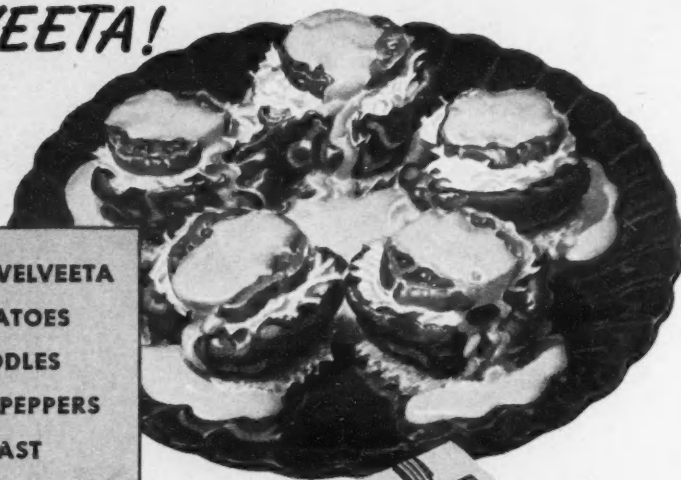
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there, but we don't want information circling about it. The trouble is there's been a leak. We aren't ready to clamp down on the military personnel. G-2 may be on the job, and the chance is nothing has been said that could be called treasonable, but a trained man putting chance statements together might be able to piece out valuable information for the enemy. Or a trained woman, an attractive woman. Mrs. Pinkerton is pretty, isn't she?"

"Very," Timothy said shortly. "You've had no doubts about her yourself?"

"I seldom see her," Timothy said. "I scarcely know her socially." He told himself to be cautious, that every word must be chosen so that its face value was its full value. "My daughter and son are fond of her," he said slowly. "They seem to know her very well, which isn't remarkable since she is pleasant and they have been motherless for over two years."

"You've been writing a book, haven't you? Kept you pretty busy?"

"I've lived the life of a hermit for six months. The fact is, Hacker, I'm not a good man to question in this matter. I suppose I believe in spies, but I'm not a suspicious man. People are all pretty much what they seem to me. And," he added, smiling, "few of them are as interesting as Browning." There were questions he wanted to ask, but he scarcely dared. He ventured one. "How long have you—suspected Mrs. Pinkerton?"

"She was on our list when she came here," Hacker said flatly. "She lived a few years in the Orient as a child. You'd be astonished, Waldron, how much influence early surroundings have on the minds of grown people. It's been a revelation to me. She came here direct from the west where she had been in contact with some important men. We may be wrong," he looked up to say, his lean face earnest. "I hope we are, but this is war and we've got to win it. There seems to be some system in the release of information from whatever source it's coming. Is there anyone who calls regularly on Mrs. Pinkerton, say a garage man to service her car, a gardener, anyone who comes once a week?"

"I wouldn't know," Timothy said, and realized it was his first lie. "No," he added thoughtfully, "I don't know of anyone, but as I said before I'm scarcely a judge. My study is at the back of the house, looking toward the lake, and I've spent most of my time there since November. She does her own gardening," he added. "I can testify to that. Every time she gets out there digging around I feel guilty about our place."

"Well," Hacker rose. "I've put a bee in your bonnet. We'll be grateful for any information you can give us. You're in a better spot than we are to follow up on this thing. We aren't ready to make a charge. Yet. Thanks for your patience." At the door he paused. "Good luck to your book," he said.

"Good luck to your search," Timothy said, but his voice sounded constrained even to him. It was some time before he turned back to his lecture and when he did he found the paper moving under his fingers. He held up his hand. It was shaking.

"This is what comes from an old fool falling in love," he told himself angrily.

HEADING TOWARD home, his mind refused to co-operate with him. He

could think of Pinky only in her most charming moments, and of her radiance when she had spoken to him so eagerly about his work. Likely a pose, he told himself, likely a campaign, the whole thing, but when he looked up at his walk to see her coming toward him from her house, he didn't care if it were a campaign. He was in love with her. She wore a spring suit and she had a cap of purple velvet pansies on her head.

"I'm going to be late to my luncheon," she said, "but I wanted to tell you our garbage was collected. I knew you'd be relieved." She laughed, and the spring sunshine was suddenly warm and comforting on Timothy's shoulder blades. "There is something I want to ask you," she hesitated, searching his face with her amazingly blue eyes. "Do you know anything about cryptography, Timothy?"

The question threw him back again to despairing suspicion.

"Nothing," he said shortly, and, mumbling an excuse, he hurried down the walk and into his house. Inside, with the door closed, his acute mind came alive and he recalled seeing her at the garbage can the night before, her surprising dismay at sight of him, the way her hand had clung to the garbage can cover. And beside these memories he placed the question Hacker had asked him, "Is there anyone who calls regularly on Mrs. Pinkerton, say a garage man?" Or a garbage man.

He felt sick inside, as though he had walked too far too fast and had tripped painfully. He was grateful when Della came in presently with a tray of food for his lunch. She seemed to know instinctively when he needed feeding, and he told her so.

She was a small dark woman with an undistinctive face, efficiently quiet and pleasant in her manner. Jill called her a jewel and said they were lucky to have her and she got along equably with Beany.

"The soup is hot," she said. He had burned his mouth on her soups before. It occurred to him that he might question Della about the widow next door. She had been in a position frequently lately to observe what went on at Pinky's parties, and from the look of her she could hold her tongue. He gave up the impulse without examining it twice. Questioning a maid was closer to playing the snoop than Timothy could bring himself.

He did say, "Nice party last night?"

"Mrs. Pinkerton always gives nice parties," Della said primly. "She is sociable." She went out, leaving Timothy with the feeling of having been smartly rebuked.

He went out of his way to avoid Pinky during the next few days, and since he couldn't settle down to the book with any semblance of a devoted mind, he spent long hours at the university, reading fiction for the first time in years when nothing else held his attention. Even that was a pale diversion, but it gave him time to arrive at the obnoxious decision that shielding a spy, even if he loved her, was not reconcilable with Timothy Waldron. It comes to this, he told himself, if she is a spy I've got to know it. He wished Jill were here. She was sensible, like her mother.

It was that same night Pinky telephoned and asked him to a party. Her voice was subdued, almost pleading. Timothy fumbled his response and said

CLOTHES

for Old

two pairs of trousers—and made by hands that had never done any real tailoring before. So you see that many women are literally wearing the pants nowadays—and some of them are wearing two pairs!

OF COURSE I made the same error that a lot of other women made on their first trip to the centre. I dragged out all four garments right away, expecting to be told what to do with them all, and immediately. Well, it's possible to work on only one thing at a time. So I chose the white suit, and with the help of one of the designers started to work. Under her guidance I made a sketch of the suit as it was and another sketch of the type of woman's suit which I hoped to make of it.

Then began the tedious job of ripping and pressing. And don't forget that pressing! They tell me it's one of the big secrets of successful dressmaking—first, last and always. It gives that smart look you want.

But to get back to the ripping. Several others had brought in suits to make over. That night there were two dress suits, one grey business suit and my white suit. The designer draped our coats on us in turn. Each one had slightly different ripping to do, while the grey suit was to be entirely ripped and recut. But the shiny satin revers on the dress suits were to remain untouched, as was the silk braid down the side of the trousers; when finished, it would appear down the side of the skirt.

And here's an interesting point all of us didn't realize: that in making the skirt, the cuff-ends of the trousers become the waistline of the skirt.

MY COAT was double-breasted and the revers could be left intact. But every other seam but the middle back had to be opened up, including the darts going up from the pockets. The pockets had to undergo an operation, too. As they were, they slid halfway round my back.

"Now here's what we'll do," said the designer. "Take the binding off those pockets, and the dart nearest the back we will take right down to the hem, catching and shortening the pockets in

that seam on the way. The pockets can then be extended toward the front and rebound."

As she left, she warned: "Be careful when you take that binding off the pockets not to stretch the material." By the time my suit had become a pile of pieces on the table, I began to wonder if I really would ever get it together again. There's something rather desolate about a once-worn garment all in pieces. However, by the time the next Wednesday class rolled around, it was all washed and pressed and ready to recut.

Pattern pieces were all over the place that evening. And we all ended by putting our names on all our own pieces to avoid getting mixed up.

THAT WAS a red letter night for me. I finally learned how to do tailor's tacking. And learned something about the alteration of a pattern to personal measurements. Both points had been baffling me for some time. The instructor taught us a good time-saver in doing tailor's tacking. She suggested that where there were different-sized circles to be tacked, representing different sewing jobs to be done, that we use different colors of thread on each size of circle. Also to mark on the pattern what each color was for. Then, if you're unable to get back to the work for a few days, all you have to do is refer to the chart, instead of spending an hour puzzling them all out.

We took a lot of time cutting and fitting. Step by step the instructors inspected our work to see that all went well. And believe me, it paid—for when I did get my skirt and jacket all basted up, they fitted perfectly. And with careful cutting I was able to get a good-sized kick-pleat for the front of my skirt.

In one remake centre alone in the first three weeks of operation, eleven hundred applications to attend classes were received from women who had old clothes to make over. And the applications are still pouring in.

It's a thrill to get something worth while for nothing, at any time. But when you know you're not diverting new materials and skilled labor from the war effort, it's a still bigger thrill. +

Here's the story of an important new kind of salvage campaign—a project that reaches into every clothes cupboard and attic trunk and shows you how to reclaim old garments



Some heartening facts for those who worry about Cancer

ALL OVER the country, medical science is waging an intensive battle against cancer.

What progress is being made? Are more lives now being saved?

The answer is "Yes!" The proof is to be found in the growing thousands of patients who have been cured of cancer and who literally have new leases on life.

Although it is now generally recognized that cancer is curable, medical men would like to impress the public with one important point:

The chances of cure depend directly upon how early the disease is recognized and treatment begun. Cancer, in the beginning, is a local disease, confined to a small area. If not treated, it spreads until cure is very difficult, often impossible.

Doctors know that people sometimes delay examination of a suspicious symptom through a tendency to "wait and see." If you are one of these, or if there is such a person among your family or friends, your own peace of mind calls for an immediate examination. Encouragingly enough, authorities tell us that only a comparatively small percentage of such symptoms prove to be cancers upon examination. This is borne out by the following report of a leading cancer clinic...

Of several hundred women who applied for examination because they had suspicious symptoms and suspected cancer, only 11½%, or slightly more than one in ten actually had the disease. Imagine the relief of the other 88½% who learned that they did not have cancer!

Thus, the symptoms which rightly cause people to think that they may have cancer do not *always* mean that cancer is present. However, they usually do indicate that something is wrong which needs medical attention. The difference can be determined

only by a careful examination. It is always best to play safe. The presence of any of the following symptoms warrants an immediate visit to the doctor...

1. Any unusual lump or thickening, especially in the breast.
2. Any irregular or unexplained bleeding.
3. Any sore that does not heal, particularly about the mouth, tongue, or lips.
4. Persistent indigestion, often accompanied by loss of weight.
5. Noticeable changes in the form, size, or colour of a mole or wart.
6. Any persistent change from the normal action of elimination.

The tremendous strides which medical science has made in treating cancer will become even greater as each of us fights cancer with knowledge. Metropolitan will send you upon request a free booklet, "A Message of Hope about Cancer."

75th ANNIVERSARY 1868-1943

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Metropolitan Life Insurance Company
Canadian Head Office, Ottawa
Please send me a copy of your booklet, 8-L-43, "A Message of Hope about Cancer."

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"Don't praise me...here's what makes my bathtub shine!"

A little Bon Ami . . . a little rub . . . and bathtubs *shine with cleanliness*. For Bon Ami not only makes quick work of bathtub rings and dirt. It also *polishes as it cleans*. It's *safe*, too. Free from coarse grit and strong caustics. That means it doesn't scar fine porcelain, making it hard to clean. Instead, Bon Ami helps keep things smooth and shining. Use it for all your household equipment that today just can't be replaced!

TRY THIS . . . Rub a little Bon Ami between your fingers. Note how soft and fine it is . . . not a bit coarse or gritty. That's why Bon Ami is so easy on porcelain . . . and on your hands!

Bon Ami

"hasn't scratched yet!"

MADE IN CANADA



NEW

By
Belle Crichton



One of the busy re-make centres set up by the Consumers' Branch of the Wartime Prices and Trade Board. Any woman can register for free instruction in making over old clothes.

GENTLEMEN, BEWARE! Women at work.

Women are at work in remake centres all over Canada, learning to turn old clothes into new—cutting, basting, sewing and designing costumes which can hold their own in any fashion show.

So don't be surprised if your wife gets a speculative look in her eye and says, "You know, dear, that old tweed suit of yours will make me a stunning new outfit. How about handing it over?"

These remake centres are government-sponsored; the big purpose they are serving is the conservation of material and labor. Qualified dressmakers and designers act as instructors to demonstrate how discarded men's suits, evening clothes, even tablecloths, blankets and window curtains—things which formerly might have been relegated to the attic—can be remodelled into smartly wearable clothes. The opportunity to learn to do this work expertly is open to women free of charge. At the time of writing, centres have already been established in Toronto, Orillia, Dundas, Windsor, Kitchener, Peterborough, Barrie, Owen Sound, Sarnia, Montreal, Quebec City, Winnipeg and Charlottetown. Other centres in Fort William, Port Arthur, Brandon, Calgary, Regina, Saskatoon, Vancouver, and Victoria are getting under way and should be in full swing by fall.

TO BE sure, mothers have been making overalls and playsuits for Junior out of old clothes from time immemorial. But many eyes have suddenly been opened to the possibility of making garments over for every member of the family, and making them over in such a way that they become a badge of honor, worn proudly and with distinction.

My own interest in the remake idea began when I learned that each man in

uniform uses three suits a year, whereas the same man—as a civilian—used to buy one suit in three years. That rather drove home the importance of conserving every scrap of material. Then, when I found out that experts would be giving their time to teaching anyone who was interested in the art of successful remodelling, I promptly inspected my wardrobe. Several old things hung in my closet, just crying to be brought back into circulation.

So on a Wednesday evening, the time assigned to me, I packed my little black bag with four items I wished to make over. Chief among them was a honey of a white suit, donated at the last moment rather wistfully by friend husband.

When I arrived at the remake centre, a number of women were already busy at the long tables set throughout the room. Two were busy pressing at the ironing boards. Then my eye caught an absolutely stunning dress, on a woman standing on one of the tables in the far corner, having the hem of the dress turned.

"Don't tell me that's made over!"

"It most certainly is," said the instructor. The back and sleeves of the dress were black, and the front powder blue, dusty pink and black, repeated in wide horizontal strips to the hem. There were contrasting buttons of each color down the front opening. It looked as if it had been especially designed for her. Actually, that multicolored front panel replaced an ordinary front that had been hopelessly damaged, and those strips of color were odd ends left from previous sewing. A good stunt to remember.

On one of the dressmaker forms was a cape with leopard fur at the neck edge and armhole slits. It looked as if it had come from the best tailoring shop. But the truth was it had been made from

BEAUTY CULTURE

A Department of Style,
Health and Personality

The skirt-blouse fashion is fall's favorite child, as well as an unbeatable heat-chaser for those dog days you're probably spending right at the old working stand most of this summer. Here are some of the more interesting new contributions.



Photograph courtesy Robert Simpson Company, Toronto

This tailored blouse and skirt is pretty AND practical for the last hot days of summer — navy crepe skirt and wide-cuffed white shirtwaist. Dark accessories — wide crushed navy leather belt, wide stitched navy taffeta hat and navy suede gloves, give the costume a cool autumn look. The soft faille bag is big enough to hold knitting as well as everything else. As can be seen in the sketches, there's a shirt type for every occasion, every age and every figure. They range from the business outfit to the frilly evening blouse and matching hat.

Combined Operations

By CAROLYN DAMON, Fashion Editor

EVER since our first careerists toe-wedged their way through the business world door, we've been going to work in blouses and skirts. But the smart, all-season twosome has never had such emphasis as it's getting right now — and will continue to receive in the fall and winter months ahead.

That's why it seemed to be such a dandy brain wave to go into a huddle with you now about the whole picture.

For there's a new approach to the skirt-shirt outfit. It no longer limps along as part of a threesome, like a suit, or skirt and coat setup. It's complete in itself, and you arrange your hat, shoes, gloves and other accessories to complement it. You may or may not wear a jacket, matching coat, vest, sleeveless sweater or what-have-you. But that's incidental.

Which makes it all very important to work out a successful scheme of combined operations well in advance



Sketches by Ursula Rainnie



Leisure's gone BUT BEAUTY STAYS

Lavender's still lovely — despite work-filled days. And beauty care is more vital than ever — though there's so little time for leisure. So keep your spirits high, your complexion lovely, and your sweet self confident — with Yardley's gracious aid.



Yardley English Lavender... its informal freshness lends the touch of youth. 95¢ to \$5.25

Yardley English Lavender Soap... refreshingly kind to your skin... and amazingly long-lasting. 35¢ a large cake — 3 for \$1.00

KEEP YOUR
BEST FACE
FORWARD

WITH

Yardley
LAVENDER
AND
BEAUTY PREPARATIONS

Textbook for Living

Continued from page 13

sense of something lacking which victory alone does not provide. Nothing can be built upon victory which will last except that which is built on Christian principles. From this struggle of grim reality must come a new spiritual vision, and the revelation of this new vision must be found in Holy Scripture. Here is the unchanging law of God which we violate at our peril, and disregard of which has brought its own terrible consequences. Here are enshrined those principles which declare the fundamental differences between us and our enemies.

It will not be surprising, then, to learn of a greatly augmented demand for, and interest in, the Bible. At its annual meeting held in London, the British and Foreign Bible Society, by far the largest of the great national Bible Societies, reported that "the demand for the Word of God has increased in nearly every country open to receive it," and that the Society's activities in many lands are limited "only by wartime restrictions on paper and transport facilities."

In China, after four years of devastating war, the immense circulation of over a million and a half copies fell far short of the demands. Ever since the Japanese occupation of the Yangtze Valley, and Japanese control of Shanghai, where much of the Scripture printing was done, the Bible Society has had to resort to whatever expedient was found possible in order to meet the great demand for the Bible. Plates for the printing of Scripture were sent from New York to Free China by plane, and twelve tons of Scriptures were smuggled across the Japanese lines. While the Burma Road was open, truckloads of Scriptures went into China by this route, some to be bought up before they reached their destination. A ton was sent by air over Japanese-occupied land.

In India, in spite of internal disturbance, the circulation of Scripture was only slightly short of a million copies and with a growing literacy this demand is steadily mounting.

Perhaps the most amazing record for the year is found in Brazil where Scripture circulation exceeded 800,000 copies, and the demand was still unsatisfied.

One might follow the record of Scripture distribution around the world, and find the same strong evidence of the discovery and rediscovery of its priceless values wherever it can make its contact. It is an interesting fact that war itself provides new demands for Scripture and new channels for its distribution. Over two million copies of a specially prepared New Testament have been supplied through the Chaplains' Service for the use of our armed forces. Over half a million copies of this Service Edition have been distributed in Canada to men and women on active service. So too the Book goes out to prisoners of war and interned aliens, and to the refugees and the destitute wherever they can be reached. Here is an astonishing picture of a world almost completely immersed in war, with its great nations locked in bitter life-and-death struggle turning again to this ancient Book of peace and goodwill.

✦ Continued on page 35

For a
glowing,
glamorous
complexion...



Don Juan 2 IN ONE
POWDER

A powder that stays on for hours—because it contains its own make-up base! Don Juan Powder is ATOMIZED so finely—its smooth texture blends right in with your skin tones! He'll love the warm, radiant look of your complexion. You'll love the way Don Juan helps to conceal tiny skin faults. Try Don Juan Face Powder in your most becoming shade.

In \$1.10, 45¢ and 17¢ (trial) sizes. Complete your make-up with Don Juan Lipstick, \$1.10 and Rouge 75¢—17¢ for trial sizes. Available at drug, department and 15¢ stores.



New under-arm
Cream Deodorant
safely
Stops Perspiration



1. Does not harm dresses, or men's shirts. Does not irritate skin.
2. No waiting to dry. Can be used right after shaving.
3. Instantly checks perspiration for 1 to 3 days. Removes odor from perspiration, keeps armpits dry.
4. A pure white, greaseless, stainless vanishing cream.
5. Arrid has been awarded the Approval Seal of the American Institute of Laundering, for being harmless to fabrics.



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39¢ a jar

(Also in 15¢ and 59¢ jars)

Buy a jar of ARRID today at any store which sells toilet goods.

FASHION SHORTS FROM NEW YORK

by Kay Murphy

Turn It Twice And Make It Do!
A rage down here, making things do . . . although I must say some people seem to be buying more than ever . . . but I saw an interesting demonstration the other day how to make over curtains, bedspreads, even sheets, into dresses, housecoats and the like. When making over, don't waste your time on fabrics that have already drawn their last breath! And don't forget that a good job of dyeing does wonders!

★★
Cargo Pockets—those extra large pockets women in industry need on their working togs—have now come over to other fashions, too. If your skirt needs a shot in the arm, add a couple of large—and I mean large—pockets in a bright color. Some of the new fall skirts will feature these, so why not you?

★★
While I'm Melting to Death I'm running around seeing all the fall fashions, and are they pretty! Nothing like seeing fur and fur-lined coats when it's 97 in the shade! Fur-lined coats especially—looks as if everyone will have one this coming winter. And color on fall coats! Imagine the front of your dark coat lined with orange—or bright blue or green. The buttonholes sewn in the same bright colors—maybe the pocket slits stabbed with color. Many of the new "Officer Coats," as they call 'em—something like trench coats—are collared in fur, with huge "cargo" fur pockets and fur buttons. Very elegant looking—made me think that some forgotten fur in the back of the cupboard could be used to smart advantage.

★★
Mexican Pink—a lovely luscious "Good Neighbor" color that is bright—and no kidding! Teamed with black 'tis wonderful. Saw it used as a set-in yoke in a black dress—also as a blouse with a brown skirt—and a sash on a blue dress!

★★
How Times Have Changed—and this has nothing to do with fashions! I was just reading about a milling company which is using nearly all women these days. They found out that the average woman should not be required to lift a 25-lb. weight more than 15 times an hour! So they are reducing the sizes of the bags so as not to tax the strength of the Little Woman! What with all this muscular work the gals are doing, I wonder if it will build us into bigger and better women? Could be!

★★
Missing In Fall Fashions Down Here—those beautiful British tweeds. Of course there are some, but nothing like what we are used to . . . seems Britain is sending most of her tweeds to South America. However, with a cold winter in prospect, tweeds are quite the thing—seeing them even in evening gowns! Saw a lovely soft tweed afternoon dress, with lavish jewelled buttons and matching belt. Another tweed frock was banded with Persian lamb . . . Remember the days when tweeds were for "Men Only"?

With Fabrics Restricted, our designers are doing wonders with what they have—especially in necklines. Way back in the late '20's we were all agog over the "bateau" neckline—boat-shaped. It's back again, and so is the "cowl" and a new scooped-out "U" line that is very good on dressy afternoon fashions, or for short dinner dresses. The "necklace" neck—with the fabric cut out, leaving the straps to form the line, is very feminine and pretty. If you are planning a new dress for fall, don't settle for just any neckline—try something new.

★★
Heart Warmers—the new name for shawls we'll throw around our chilly shoulders this fall and winter! Such glamour—far removed from grandmother's kind! In sheer wool, loaded with sequins, or with bright appliquéd flowers, or dangling with non-priority stones, beads and such.

★★
The Old Gag about the girl who said her hands were cold, and was told to sit on them, will do much better to get herself a "demitasse" muff, as they call it. The ones I saw were made of satin appliquéd with patent leather, velvet embroidered with beads, and felt with red hearts decorating it. Cute idea to add interest to an otherwise plain dress.

★★
White Scarves And Mufflers will make a big splash this fall and winter—mostly because our women in the Army and Navy Services look so trim with them. And "white near the face" always brings out the best in a lass . . .

★★
Wristlets on many of the new dresses—saw a lovely beige dress with bright green moiré puffed wristlets adding an unusual touch of color. If you have a ¾-length sleeve that you want to do something about—IDEA! Some of the better designers down here are making wristlets of several colors and fabrics, to be worn with the same dress.

★★
That Good Little Black Dress may not be so easy to get this fall, after all. The dyers are on a quota, and the demand for black is so heavy that we are being coaxed to think of some other color besides black for fall. This applies particularly to rayon—so look for a surge of color in rayon dresses—old gold is a lovely soft color I think we'll like to see around . . . and beaver brown . . . and Royal blue looks as if it will have a place in the color sun, too.

★★
Saw Something Really New! A maternity corset with crossed shoulder straps that throw all the support on the shoulders, giving a definite upward pull. Seems to have a lot of merit—especially now when elastic is so limited, if available at all.

★★
Fall Hats Continue Silly, Thank Goodness! But they all have one thing in common—they must stay on the head. Women will not be bothered with hats that flip and flop—or so the designers

♣ Continued on page 30

Want a Lovelier Complexion in Just 14 Days?

DOCTORS PROVE SECRET IS PALMOLIVE BEAUTY MESSAGE



Here's the new **PALMOLIVE MESSAGE** that can bring you **NEW SKIN BEAUTY!** Each time you wash with new, improved Palmolive, take one minute more . . . a full 60 seconds . . . and massage Palmolive's remarkable beautifying lather into your skin—like a cream. It's that extra 60-second massage with Palmolive's rich and gentle beautifying lather that works such wonders. Then rinse thoroughly and pat dry—that's all!



Here's **DOCTOR-PROOF** this Palmolive Massage really works! Scientific tests on 1285 women, supervised by 36 doctors—and reports from hundreds of women who completed this Palmolive Beauty Massage Test in their own homes—prove conclusively that in just 14 days Palmolive Beauty Massage brings better complexions to 2 out of 3 women . . . with spectacular ease. Chances are, Palmolive will do the same for you. Why not try it?

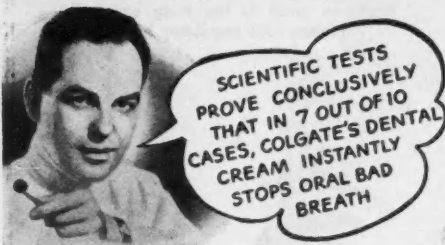


Keep that lovely Schoolgirl Complexion

When Kisses Change To Duty Pecks...



...it's time to look to your breath! For Bad Breath is a menace to married love—and even YOU may have it. So play safe! Use Colgate's Dental Cream—the toothpaste that cleans your breath while it cleans your teeth!



HERE'S WHY: Colgate's has an active penetrating foam that gets into the hidden crevices between teeth—helps clean out decaying food particles—stop stagnant saliva odours—remove the cause of much bad breath.



BESIDES, Colgate's has a soft, safe polishing agent that cleans enamel thoroughly, yet gently...makes teeth naturally bright, sparkling! No wonder people everywhere are quitting liquids, powders and other pastes for Colgate's Dental Cream!



Add a feminine touch to your tailored suit with a frilly blouse and hat.

of your fall remaking, replanning and (where strictly essential) shopping campaign.

At *Chatelaine* (we say it with modest pride) we're as full of plans and strategy as an army brigadier. For we're fresh from conferences with blouse designers and skirt makers in Montreal and Toronto, and for extra measure we worked in a sneak preview of the fall fashions in New York for you, too.

Need we delicately point out that not everybody can wear a straight-forward tailored skirt and waist? But there's the right combination for everyone, if you choose wisely for your type, age, purpose and, of course, figure.

Most exciting features of the new fall shirtwaists are the rich smart colors and combinations of them, and the specially gay dinner and date blouses. Then there's the variety of style and design which offers you everything from the crisp cool peppermint-stick stripe for early morning to the lovely lacy or softly feminine night-blooming species. We've had our artist sketch a varied selection here to give you some idea. Smartest always for the average young wage slave (and our Canadian "average" has a nice rating for figure fitness and general trim appearance) is the type of soft but well-tailored blouse and well-cut slickly fitting skirt we showed you in the photograph on the page you turned over from.

But even with such a classic type, there are several things to watch carefully. There's nothing that so spoils the look of a blouse as shoulders that either slop over your own shoulder-line, or pull too tightly with an accompanying strained look across the chest.

SINCE BLOUSE lengths are now strictly set by the WPTB, you'll have to avoid any possibility of that shirt-tail-out problem by having your skirt fit well up, and snugly, and wearing a belt if you're extra long-waisted. If you are, you see, even a wide belt won't cut you off as it might if you were a closer-built model.

The white or light shirtwaist is, of course, a pretty neat and pleasant note in the average office, and the choice of most of us. But if you happen to work in the kind of an office that makes you look, come five o'clock, as though you worked in a little chimney sweeping as a sideline, turn to the darker shades. That

goes, too, if you're the girl who could never keep clean beyond the noon bell at school. And look to your pressing with as much fervor as a movie idol does to his in the fade-out clinch. Almost half the success of a shirt-skirt outfit is its clean and smooth-fitting look.

YOU KNOW those gay-as-a-windowbox floral skirts the youngsters have been wearing all summer? Well, they're being adapted in more subdued shades and less flamboyant cuts for dating and dancing this winter. If you make your own, pick up one of the colors in a sheer or dressy type blouse, and make a flight of three perky bows or butterflies to applique or pin on your dancing bonnet; you'll find it a pretty fetching do.

You know, of course, the old trick of wearing a dark skirt, light blouse, if you want to emphasize your measurements topsides, and vice versa if you're better proportioned from the waist down.

HATS are amazingly important in the new shirt-skirt setup. New York is taking tremendous pains to get hat-blouse-skirt-glove combinations that are just right. Usually the wide tailored hat for the tailored outfit, and a bit of fluff or flowers for the frillier date type, are most successful. As you'll notice in our big middle photograph, the skirt and matching hat, with a hatband to match the blouse, make a particularly eye-teasing arrangement.

Just a final word about color. I've been looking over the lovely flowered, figured, striped and solid shades for fall, and they're going to be awfully tempting. It's as if the manufacturers want to make up to us for restrictions by going all out on color. By the time you read this (or within a week or two after) you'll see them coming into your favorite shops—in such shades as Tamara tan (rich and woodsy-looking, wonderful with brown); Garson green, like the dynamic Greer's eyes; several shades of blue, rich and full-toned, a new high-shaded red called Rosalind, a special new gold tone, and others. You won't be asked to save on color!

How about spending an evening looking through your blouses and dresses you might make over with your skirts, and working out accessory combinations? +



Plaids are important — particularly with the younger element.

VISIT HIM EVERY WEEK IN SNAPSHOTS

Snapshots seem such a little thing . . . you may not have guessed they mean so much...

But away in training or "over there" our boys in the service put "snapshots from home" up front among their needs and wants.

Of course there isn't as much film for your picture-taking as in normal

times. Kodak Film is now rationed to dealers because the Navy, Army and Air Force need so much. So make every roll of it count, in doing the important job. Visit him every week in snapshots.

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Kodak



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Tampax is a
real vacation help

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NO PINS
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Tampax has many other advantages, too. Handy to carry. Speedy to change. No chafing. Easy disposal . . . Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton compressed in dainty one-time use applicator, for quick, easy insertion. No belts or pins are required and no sanitary deodorant, because Tampax is worn internally and no odor can form. Invaluable for the sensitive woman who cannot bear to feel conspicuous . . .

Sold at drug stores and notion counters in three absorbencies: Regular, Super, Junior. Introductory size, 25¢. Economy package lasts 4 months, average.

3 Absorbencies
REGULAR
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Please send me in plain wrapper the new trial package of Tampax. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or silver) to cover cost of mailing. Size is checked below.

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As Time Goes By

By ADELE WHITE, Beauty Editor

"WOMEN DON'T grow old these days, they grow smarter." That's Joan Bennett's observation.

Not so long ago, half-past forty was the time in life when you began to think of joining the rocking chair brigade, sitting on the side lines and watching the world go by.

The war has changed that. You're going full steam ahead in war work. Perhaps you have sons overseas and daughters or daughters-in-law coming home with the children for the duration. And of course you're eager to help out in any way you can. You're willing to share your house and you feel it's only fair you should pitch in and lend a hand whenever possible. But do strike a happy medium. Don't do a blackout on your own personality by shouldering all the trials and worries of your family. Keep on being an individual—your husband and children will respect and value you all the more if you keep yourself trim and well-groomed—if they continue to feel a glow of pride in you.

So, let's see what the important beauty points are for the fascinating forties.

To Dye Or Not To Dye. Those first grey hairs—what are you going to do about them? Before you decide to rub them out, better listen to one beauty expert. He says several of his clients who never rated a second glance as far as looks went allowed their hair to grow grey and eventually white. He holds them up as wonderful examples of "autumn blooming." The color of their hair, with frequent shampoos and a becoming rinse, changed their whole appearance—they took to wearing bright sharp colors, they used make-up with becoming blue undertones. In short they did a sparrow-to-bluebird transition.

You may, however, have special reason for postponing a pepper-and-salt topknot. Perhaps your husband admires the color of your hair and when he spots some silver threads he asks with a faintly aggrieved air, why you don't DO something. Or perhaps you're a busy breadwinner, and you feel you stand a better chance of promotion if you continue to look thirty-ish for a few more years. Whichever way you decide, don't worry about it. Nowadays hair tinting is as commonplace as painting your nails, so there's no reason to feel you're carrying a guilty secret, just because you dye your hair. The important thing is to have it done expertly, so it will look natural and attractive.

Blond hair turning grey should never be bleached—it will turn into a dry strawlike thatch. But if you have it tinted it will last from one to three months, depending on how fast your hair grows.

If your hair is dark, you can do wonders in toning the grey hairs right in with the rest so they're hardly noticeable by using ordinary wash-day bluing. You can keep this up for years until the greys really get the upper hand—then you'll have to go in for a complete tinting job.

Avoid harsh colors in hair tinting. For example, a too black shade will make your face seem older; a brassy shade of gold or a caroty henna are unnatural and unattractive.

Home tinting jobs can often bring unhappy results—you're apt to overlap on the first dye with the result that the hair grows brittle. An expert hair tinter works under a very strong light, blends the new hair perfectly with the old. It's the only way to get good results.

A first-class permanent and individual hair styling will do a great deal toward good grooming, regardless of the color of your hair. Choose a smart but soft hair-

temple. Your face powder should be one shade darker than your complexion—press it lightly all over your face—never rub it in. Eyebrows should be accented and shaped with an eyebrow pencil. Blend eye shadow skilfully on your upper lids and mascara on upper lashes. Follow the natural line of your lips with lipstick and then blot off all shininess with face tissue.

Hoarding a Second Chin? One is all you're really entitled to. If, however, you've already acquired a brace of chins, better attack with vigorous massage and use a darker shade of powder to act as camouflage.

And, speaking of massage, work from the neck right up to your chin, always with upward strokes. Gone are the days when an accordion-pleated throat could be concealed by a high boned collar. The time to scotch neck wrinkles is before they get a head start.

Eyes Travel Down as well as up. It



Photograph by American Hairdresser Finesse
Come silverlocks time, there's no dim-out of charm if you choose a soft, upswept hair-do — in fact something new has been added!

do with lines sweeping upward off your face. If you're generously proportioned, better avoid a too tight hair-do—it will make you look pin-headed and your hips will seem broader by comparison.

Accent On Make-up. As your hair loses color, your skin follows suit. This is nothing to mourn over if you'll learn to use make-up with a slightly more lavish hand. A good foundation cream will give your skin a soft glowing look and help conceal tiny lines and wrinkles. If your skin is dry, cream rouge is best. Apply it high up on your cheeks and blend it carefully from cheekbone to

isn't good enough to be trim and smart from the neck up. You'd better watch any tendency to too ample curves. As we grow older, circulation slows down and diet and exercise are the best weapons against "falling into flesh" as the Irish call it. There's no need to aim for the slablike slenderness of your teens, but do keep those curves under control, both for beauty and health's sake.

Relax And Enjoy Life. Try not to let the chores of the day get you wound up so tight you run the chance of breaking a mainspring. Learn to relax—



Courtesy Courtaulds "Quality-Control"

Scent Sense

By ADELE WHITE

This attractive "junior miss" with gardenias in her hair and scent to match wears a gay flowered frock of rayon jersey—the fabric which is making news in fashion these days.

SINCE THE days Cleo sent Mark Antony into a tailspin of enchantment with the subtle aroma of Kyaphi, perfume has been one of the most potent sources of "oomph!"

When Kay Francis, Martha Raye and Carol Landis returned from a tour of entertaining the troops in Britain and Africa, they reported that perfume was one of the most important items in their beauty kit. They treasured their supply to use on military objectives only. The soldiers said it brought back memories of happy pre-war days and the girls they dreamed about.

Our sense of smell is one of the greatest builder-uppers of association. For example, the acrid odor of burning wood will make you feel positively nostalgic, remembering happy holidays and camp fires; the scent of flowers may bring back romance—and the whiff of a certain perfume may smite you right to the heart with the thought of someone pretty terribly alluring.

So choose a special scent and make that particular fragrance a medium to express your personality and charm.

Be a "one aura" type—in other words don't mix your scents. Have the same in bath salts, bath powder, soap, face powder, cologne and perfume.

Anointing Job. Perfume should always be used with a light touch—it should be tantalizingly elusive—just a whiff now and then. Perfume should be used on the skin rather than on clothes. And here are some other worth-while tips. The odor of perfume rises; therefore, if you're the tall willowy type, you'll be smart to put a few drops on each dimpled knee, as well as a dab behind each ear. On the other hand, if you're the half-pint size, try a spray or two on top of your hair.

The Right Scent For You. If you're in the teens or early twenties, with the bloom of youth on your cheek and all that sort of thing, you can use flowery smells, like sweet pea, lavender, lilac and gardenia. But, as you grow mature, you'll do well to switch to more exotic scents. Shop round till you find one that just seems to click.

Hazards Of Perfume. Like other precious commodities, perfume should be conserved with the utmost care. Don't take chances on spilling or evaporation. Buy a good-sized bottle, store it away, tightly corked, in a dark place. Empty out a little at a time into a small bottle—with the aid of a funnel. If you find a glass bottle stopper which refuses to budge when you try to remove it, don't take a chance on holding it under a tap, twisting it vigorously—until it snaps and you get a six months' supply of perfume all in one fell swoop down the front of your dress or down the basin. A good tip, right from the manufacturers' mouth, is to rub the glass stopper gently with another piece of glass—an old stopper if there's one handy. This, believe it or not, will loosen the stubborn thing with less chance of disaster.

Perfume Versus Cologne. Cologne is a perfume supplement and only about one quarter as strong. It's a good plan to switch to cologne for the summer months as you can spray it around quite liberally—use it in clothes closets, in bureau drawers and, if you're feeling specially luxurious, you can spray it on sheets and pillowcases in the linen cupboard. When you come home hot and tired from a hard day's work, you'll get a big lift from a rub-down of cologne after a bath, and a fresh outfitting of lingerie delicately scented with cologne.

For a quick pick-me-up before a date, sprinkle a few drops of cologne in a bowl of ice cubes—then bathe your wrists, your temples and the nape of your neck. My, oh my!—doesn't it make you cool and happy just to think of it?

The subtle aroma of perfume will do wonders to enhance charm and beauty. Choose a scent to suit your type and express your personality

ee
Absent-minded



How, you ask, can you be all-out for Victory on days like this . . . when you feel all in?

That's strange talk . . . coming from you! You who were so proud to carry the blow torch for Canada . . . first in your plant to sign the scroll pledging you'd *stay on the job*.

And now you're telling yourself that girls are different . . . and that one little layoff day won't matter. When you *know* that if it weren't for stay-at-homes, scores more ships . . . tanks . . . bombers would reach our boys!

That's how important it is to learn that loyalty never watches the clock . . . or the calendar! As Marge, your welder friend, said in the locker room—"When a girl takes over a man's work, it's up to her to see it through!"

And then didn't she say—"Trouble is, some girls *still* don't know what a big difference *real comfort* can make. The kind you get from Kotex sanitary napkins." Could be . . . she meant *you*!

Get Up and GO!

If *millions* can keep going in comfort *every* day, so can you! You'll understand why, when you discover that Kotex is made to stay soft while wearing . . . ever so different from pads that only feel soft at first touch. (None of that snowball sort of softness that packs hard under pressure!)

And to keep your secret *strictly* private . . . to give you confidence and poise . . . Kotex has flat pressed ends that don't show, because they're not stubby. Then, there's a special 4-ply safety center for added protection. So, it's not surprising that more girls choose Kotex than all other brands of pads put together! Don't you agree?

Then c'mon . . . hop into those victory togs and help your plant win that precious "E"! You'll deserve an "E" of your own . . . for being an "Everyday"er!

**Keep going in comfort
—with Kotex!**

WHY WONDER about what to do and not to do on "Difficult" days? The bright little booklet "As One Girl To Another" gives you all the angles on activities, grooming, social contacts. Get your copy quick! It's FREE! Mail your name and address to Canadian Cellucotton Products Co. Ltd., Dept. K3-S, 330 University Ave., Toronto, Ont.

Fresh as a Daisy . . . that's you . . . when you use QUEST, the Kotex deodorant powder! Just sprinkle QUEST on your sanitary napkin. Created expressly for this use, QUEST is a *sure* way to avoid offending, for it *destroys* napkin and body odours completely!



★T. M. Reg. Can. Pat. Off.



First aid in the home for 3 GENERATIONS

"VASELINE" PETROLEUM JELLY has been an Old Faithful in well-stocked medicine cabinets for many, many years. Grandmother relied on "Vaseline" Jelly to relieve bumps and cuts, soothe chapped hands, ease sore throats, and for many other household emergencies. Today "Vaseline" Jelly is still a favourite remedy... because it is priced to war-time budgets, and because the trademark "Vaseline" still stands for the highest quality petroleum jelly, scientifically prepared and purified. Your guarantee of quality is the trademark "Vaseline". Ask for "Vaseline" Jelly in handy jars at only 10c, 15c or 25c or in tubes at 15c, 20c and 30c.

Chesebrough Manufacturing Co., Cons'd., 5520 Chabot Avenue, Montreal, Quebec.

● Have you tried "Vaseline" Carbulated Jelly for minor cuts, wounds and burns? "Vaseline" Borated Jelly for inflamed eyelids or nasal irritations? Your druggist has them.



Vaseline

TRADE MARK
PETROLEUM JELLY

take half an hour off for a catnap, with pads soaked in diluted witch hazel or a refreshing skin tonic over your eyes. This will pay dividends in renewed vigor; you'll find you get things done with more speed and efficiency, and you'll avoid those tired lines around your eyes.

You need at least eight hours sleep each night, in a comfortable bed in a quiet, pleasant bedroom. No matter how hospitably inclined you are toward daughters and grandchildren, reserve one room in the house as your private domain. You'll find yourself viewing your war guests with much more pleasure if you can get away by yourself at times.

Not many of us admire the too-well-preserved woman whose unlined face has all the charm of a cold boiled potato—but there are good lines and bad. The good lines come from a sense of humor, and an ability to live life with enthusiasm. The bad lines come from fatigue, strain and irritability—and proper rest and relaxation will help you avoid these.

As one woman said to her daughter when she heard "Mother Machree" on the radio, "If I ever look 'toilworn with care,' for goodness' sake don't SING about it—do something."

So let's do something. Have courage to fight drabness in grooming and personality. Be decorative and charming as you blossom out in mature beauty. You'll stand a better chance of enjoying those next thirty, forty, maybe fifty years! ♦

Fashion Shorts

Continued from page 27

say—and every new hat I see has something or other to anchor it to the head! The snood is back again—with a hat on top. Some of the snoods are made extra large "so you can cover up your ears on a very cold day." Horse sense there, I say!

☆☆

Things Are Happening to the New Gloves—such as adding plenty of frills or pleats—and one gorgeous pair I saw had scallops of real Persian lamb to decorate them. Bright colors will continue in demand—as women find a gay pair of gloves make a very good impression, and are comparatively inexpensive.

☆☆

Speaking of Chinese Dragons—let it be noted here and now we are in for a run of high fashions linked to our two good allies, Russia and China. Many of the winter coats are made like Russian greatcoats—lavished with fur, and worn with wide fur turbans, definitely "Cossack." The slit skirt, reminiscent of a Chinese lady's dress, appears for evening wear and versions of the coolie hat are making the rounds.

☆☆

If You're Planning a New Skirt—make it plaid! And plaid blouses—and plaid jackets—and plaid weskits. The younger element particularly are interested in plaids—say they are more individual and can be matched up with pretty well anything around the house... five colors appear in many of those new plaids, but these continue to be built around the old plaid stand-bys—red with green, and brown with gold. ♦

this

Cream Deodorant Stops Perspiration

SAFELY Doesn't irritate skin or harm clothing.

QUICKLY Acts in 30 seconds. Just put it on, wipe off excess, and dress.

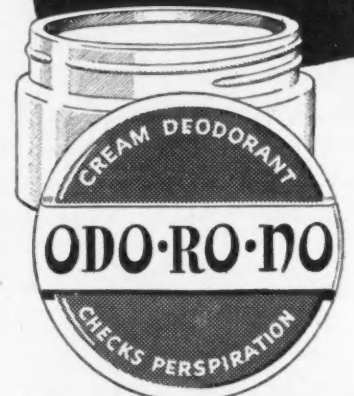
EFFECTIVELY Stops perspiration and odour by effective pore inactivation.

LASTINGLY Keeps underarms sweet and dry up to 3 days.

PLEASANTLY Pleasant as your favourite face cream—flower fragrant—white and stainless.

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this big jar contains 21 more applications* for 39¢ than other leading deodorants
*50% larger jar—entire contents usable (doesn't dry up)



NEW ODO·RO·NO CREAM CONTAINS AN EFFECTIVE ASTRINGENT NOT FOUND IN ANY OTHER DEODORANT

Oriental Cream

The Cream to protect the skin before the long, hard game. No worry about sunburn or shiny skin.

White, Flesh, Rachel, Sun-Tan



As in... 1914-1918.

EVAN WILLIAMS

SHAMPOO also Serves!

15¢ — 2 for 25¢

Battling the Budget :: Continued from page 16

furnishings. Scarcity of materials and labor has curtailed manufacture of electrical appliances and other household equipment and many furniture factories have been turned to war production. The furniture now being produced is needed to equip families starting housekeeping and warworkers locating in new war districts. As our typical family is already established, most expenditures for new articles should be deferred until the war is over. We have, therefore, reduced this item to provide only for proper upkeep of their present furniture and equipment.

6. Health budget has been left unchanged. Under this heading go medical and dental fees, eyeglasses, medicines, hospital fees, etc.

7. Recreation item includes cigarettes, tobacco, holidays, hobbies, sports, all amusements, magazines, etc. We have cut this item in half, for, while recreation is still very important, we are learning to make our own fun and to choose less expensive amusements.

8. More than three quarters of total transportation costs of our typical family went for purchase and upkeep of a car. Purchase of new cars is out for the duration, and rationing of tires and gasoline has cut costs. Transportation budget, therefore, has been cut by about one half.

9. Household operation includes telephone, laundry bills, domestic help, ice, etc. This item has been left unchanged.

10. Personal care includes expenditures for barber, shaving and other supplies, hairdressing, cosmetics and toilet preparations, soaps, tooth paste, etc. The total has been cut by 20%.

11. Item 11 includes music lessons, tuition books and supplies for children, also expenditures for union or professional dues and adult educational fees and technical literature. This has been left unchanged.

12. One half of this item went for church contributions, community service and other charities; the other half was earmarked for Christmas, birthday and other gifts. The first has been left unchanged, the second has been cut in half.

13. Total 1943 income tax is \$447.12. From this the allowable fixed savings of \$223.56 have been deducted. Most of this tax is taken from salary cheque each payday but provision should be made in your budget for payment of the balance. In addition, any balance of 1942 tax still unpaid should be kept in mind.

14. Of total pre-war savings of \$362, only such fixed savings as life insurance, annuities, and principal payments on owned home have been carried into revised budget. All other saving has been put into the next item, war savings.

Now, how can you keep a record of your spending? Don't make your budget a burden. Find the simplest method you can. This is how one housewife manages. The pay cheque is divided immediately it comes in. Into a special household bank account go big items which will be paid by cheque, such as rent, coal, light, telephone, etc. Into another bank account she puts savings, such as life insurance, war savings, and most of the health budget. Into this account, too, she sets aside an amount for unforeseen expenses. Then into separate envelopes

she puts the allowance for each remaining item. There is an envelope for food, one for transportation, recreation, personal care, etc. This method is simple, yet it provides a constant check on her spending and she can see at any time how much is left. Large occasional expenditures, such as a new winter coat, must be planned for well ahead and must be saved out of the monthly or weekly clothing budget.

SO FAR we have dealt largely with the problem of the family that must try to reduce its swollen expenditures to make them fit its income. Now let us consider the position of the family whose total income today is greater than it ever was before. The Jones family, Bob and Mary and their children, Ruth and Grace, is a good example. Before the war their income averaged about \$27 a week, Bob's wages. The children had never worked. Today, however, Bob's pay envelope is much fatter, for work is steady, wage rates are higher and the working day is longer. Then, too, both Ruth and Grace are working in war plants. Instead of \$27 a total of more than \$85 a week now comes in.

Mary knew how easy it would be to spend this whole amount and still have very little to show for it, for after having so little the temptation was great to have a real splurge. But she remembered the dark days when Bob worked only part time and she was anxious to make certain that these new large earnings would be used to provide future security for her family. So she laid her plans carefully. First she made up a budget based on her present spending. This showed her which items had been cut too low. These must now be brought up to the proper level and house furnishings and clothing that had become worn in the lean years must be replenished. Then, too, she must add taxes and war savings.

When she had figured her family budget to her satisfaction, there still remained the problem of the children's spending. Their combined earnings totalled more than \$45 a week, almost twice the amount the whole family had to live on before the war. This money should not be frittered away. Of course, she believed they should have complete charge of their own earnings. But she wanted them to spend wisely, to develop a proper spirit of independence and sense of responsibility. So she encouraged both of them to make up a budget. It wasn't long before they, too, were interested in planning how much to spend for clothes, how much for recreation, etc., and how much they should save. Their mother encouraged the right attitude by charging them regular rates for board. This board money was put directly into savings as a nest egg for the whole family. Thus, the Jones family has improved its living standards and at the same time is providing for any slack time or adjustment period which may come when war is over.

You will be amply rewarded no matter how much time and labor you have to expend to put your finances in order. If Canada's three million homemakers spend family incomes wisely today, if they save all they can now, they are doing more than they realize to ensure a prosperous and victorious Canada. ♦



Memo to Expectant Fathers

YOU HAVE before you one of the greatest experiences a man can know. It is a joyful experience—and a sobering one. It brings a lifetime of satisfaction, affection, love . . . and a continuing responsibility.

For who can measure the span of your dreams for that little life? The happy childhood, the eager adolescence, the fruitful college years . . . you want them all for your child, as every father does.

Then isn't it worth remembering—right now, today—that "The future belongs to those who prepare for it"?

There is a friend near by who is genuinely interested in helping you plan for your future and your family's future . . . wisely, conservatively, and soundly. He is your Prudential representative . . .

What About Your Family's Future?

Today, as ever since the year 1875, The Prudential's business is with tomorrow—your tomorrow, and your family's.

Today some 8,000,000 American families enjoy the feeling of confidence, the sense of security that come from Prudential Life Insurance ownership. Your Prudential representative stands ready to help you discover, with them, the basic truth that "The future belongs to those who prepare for it."

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more Youthful!..

— a Softer, Finer Face Powder
to Keep Complexions Looking Younger



So fine . . . so smooth . . . it spreads over your skin like a veil of loveliness . . . brings out the natural beauty of your complexion. Three Flowers Face Powder is lighter, finer and, in addition, is perfectly colour blended. Lost time for frequent powder "touch-ups" is a thing of the past with Three Flowers Face Powder.

For the girls in the services, Three Flowers Face Powder answers a long-awaited need because it not only clings hours longer, but doesn't cake or streak. Wear it for youthful charm. There's a shade to suit your personality.

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A CREATION OF RICHARD HUDNUT

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FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY OF CANADA,
210 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont.

Beauty Brevities

WEARING YOUR hair in that smart swept-up-in-the-back style? Ever notice how this hair-do can be hexed by a few rebellious locks falling down to mar the neat upswept effect? Well, here's a tip from Hollywood. Buy yourself a tube of mustache wax, squeeze a little in the palm of your hand, and smooth it up the back of your hair as a final touch. It'll keep all those stray ends firmly anchored in their right place. You can get this wax to match the color of your hair.

☆☆

One beauty salon is solving the problem of help shortage by allowing customers to give themselves a manicure as they sit under the dryer. A table is rolled up with bottles and implements neatly assembled—and you're all set for a leisurely hand-beautifying session. I expect it's just a question of time before the word, manicure-eteria is coined. (You say it, I can't.)

☆☆

Here's a dunking regime for your pedal extremities during wilting weather days. When you've been pounding hot pavements and your shoes begin to feel just too full of feet for comfort, try this when you get home. Fill two basins with water, one as hot and the other as cold as you can stand. Place a foot in each and keep it there for three minutes, then switch. Dry thoroughly and finish off by massaging your toes and the soles of your feet with hand cream.

☆☆

Victory gardeners gather round! This gardening business can pep you up no end if you go about it the right way. When you're doing a weeding job, be sure to bend your knees and sit back on your haunches—it's excellent for strengthening thigh and back muscles. When you're picking up heavy baskets of dead grass and weeds, bend your knees and lift with your shoulder and back muscles.

Loose working gloves are a fine idea, especially if you remember to cream your hands before you don the gloves. If, however, you're the type who just can't garden in gloves, do protect your nails from dirt by digging them into a cake of soap before you start. Hair should be kept from too much sunning by wearing a bandana. It will also control stray locks, so you won't be constantly brushing them out of your eyes.

☆☆

From "somewhere in Africa" came a letter from a lad in the RCAF. He says that when he was visiting a small native town, he was astonished to see nail polish in different shades of red displayed in a store window. He enquired and found that it cost about \$1.25 a bottle. Beauty comes high to dusky African belles.

☆☆

The end of the face tissue famine is in sight. Manufacturers have got together and decided on smaller-sized boxes, so there'll be enough to go round. Happy mopping days ahead! And, by the way, how did women live before face tissues were invented? ♦

SAFE RELIEF FOR TIRED, IRRITATED EYES!

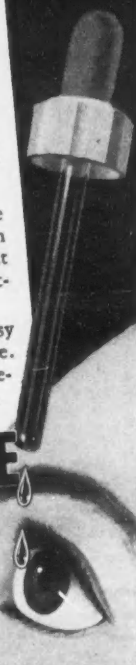
Do your eyes feel drawn and tingly . . . do they look red or bloodshot from close work, late hours, dust, or glare? Don't suffer another minute! Simply put 2 drops of EYE-GENE in each eye! See what soothing, cooling relief you get within a few seconds' time!

For EYE-GENE is an eye specialists' formula . . . with an exclusive ingredient that makes it wonderfully effective—quickly!

Try it yourself! It's so easy to use. So inexpensive. Stainless, too. At drug, department and 10¢ stores.

EYE-GENE

2 DROPS CLEAR,
SOOTHE IN SECONDS!



Mercolized Wax Cream Solves the Problem of Daily Skin Care

The necessity of systematic daily care of the skin cannot be stressed too often if women want to hold their skin beauty through the years. Mercolized Wax Cream is an ideal home skin treatment for every day because it is applied so easily and you know it will be beneficial to your skin. Its thirty-five years of popularity with lovely women in all parts of the world is sufficient proof of how well it has filled its mission. Start using Mercolized Wax Cream today to make your skin lovelier.

Use Saxolite Astringent. Dissolve Saxolite in one-half pint witch hazel to make a beneficial astringent lotion for daily skin care.

At all drug and department stores.

CORNS GO while YOU carry on!

Doctor's 4-Way Relief
Acts Instantly!

1. Sends pain flying
2. Quickly removes corns
3. Prevents corns, sore toes
4. Eases new or tight shoes



YOUR patriotic duty is to keep your feet fit! Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads relieve your misery from corns, gently remove them—while you carry on! Instantly stop tormenting shoe friction; lift painful, nerve-rasping pressure. NOTE: If corns have formed, use the separate Medications supplied for removing them. The pads alone will give you immediate relief and prevent sore toes, corns, blisters from new or tight shoes—another advantage of Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads over old-time caustic liquids and plasters. At Drug, Shoe, Department Stores. Cost but a trifle.

Dr. Scholl's Zino-pads

YOUR SHOES, DAD!



I SHINED THEM with



BLACK, BLUE and ALL SHADES of BROWN



Always a little worried until Rendells solved her intimate feminine problem.

You, too, can gain new poise and confidence with Rendells—the practical, healthful method of Personal Hygiene. Send for Nurse Drew's booklet. It explains away your doubts and questions; gives you complete information on this vital matter; shows how Rendells bring pleasant, healthful and complete protection. No more wondering—no more worries. Mail coupon for your plain wrapped copy.

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- ☐ Please send me copy of the Free Booklet "Personal Hygiene".
- ☐ I enclose \$1.00 for full size carton of Rendells and Free Booklet, to be mailed, prepaid, in plain wrapper.

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Rendells are easy and ready to use; quick in antiseptic action yet harmless to the most delicate membrane. Each suppository foil wrapped—12 to a box. Ask your druggist for

RENDELLS

Textbook for Living

Continued from page 24

IT HAS been pointed out that the effectiveness of a sword depends not only on the keenness of its edge, and the sharpness of its point, but upon him who wields it. This is the attitude of the Bible Society toward "The Sword of the Spirit, which is the Word of God." To accomplish any practical result, this divine power must be brought into contact with men's lives, and men must be taught to understand and use it. Bible translation, therefore, and Bible distribution are essential if man is to have access to this inexhaustible fountain of divine wisdom. It is reported that in Canada alone some 20 translations have been required for the Indian and Eskimo, and, in all, over 100 different versions of Scripture have been supplied for non-English-speaking people within the Dominion. There are said to be in existence today translations of Scripture into just over a thousand languages, but there are at least another thousand tongues into which as yet no word of Scripture has been translated. Here then is a practical problem which Christianity must face and solve.

In terms of the church's life Bible translation is a very modern problem, for in its present form it is comprised within the last century and a half. At the close of the 18th Century there were in existence some 70 versions of Scripture. It had taken 1,800 years to produce these 70 translations. In the last century and a half over 950 new translations have been added. The British and Foreign Bible Society, in spite of the crippling effect of war, added seven new translations during the year just closed—three for Africa, one for Asia, one for South America, and two for Oceania—and the demand for translations into new languages continues unabated.

NOR IS IT war alone which has thrown us back upon these intangible things of the spirit, and taught us to reconsider the place they occupy in life. It is clearly evident that peace will bring problems which neither a victory at war, nor prosperity in peace, will enable us to solve. There is in the minds of many a conviction now that we might win the war only to lose the peace, and there is a consequent willingness and desire to explore a long-neglected spiritual side of life. In a tribute to the women of the Empire broadcast in April, Her Majesty the Queen called attention to the immense problems which peace will bring, and her words

✦ Continued on page 46

Pattern Descriptions

4752—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 20. Size 12 requires 3 yds. of 35-inch material, 2 3/4 yds. of 39-inch material, or 2 yds. of 54-inch material. Price twenty-five cents.

4741—Sizes 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 18. Size 14 requires 3 1/2 yds. of 35-inch material, 3 1/2 yds. of 39-inch material, or 2 1/4 yds. of 54-inch material for this two-piece dress. Price twenty-five cents.

4735—Sizes 12, 14, 16, 18. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yds. of 35-inch material, 2 3/4 yds. of 39-inch material, or 2 yds. of 54-inch material. Contrasting tie requires 1/4 yd. of 39-inch material. Price twenty-five cents.

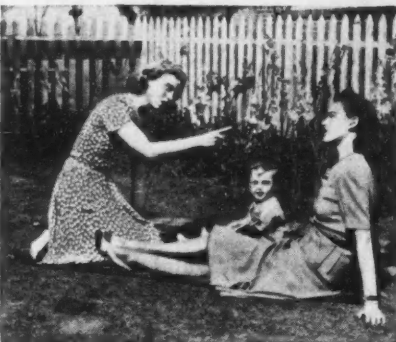
4740—Sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 40, 42, 44. Size 20 requires 3 3/4 yds. of 35-inch material, or 3 1/4 yds. of 39-inch material. Price twenty-five cents.

"The whole neighbourhood's laughing at how you're raising that child!"



1. I was amused at my "baby" sister, acting so important with a baby of her own. But when the neighbours started snickering about her pampering the child, I decided to step in.

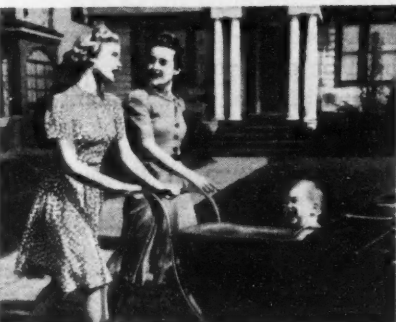
"Sis," I said, "come down to earth about young Ted. You're going to spoil him with all this 'special' business. Special toys, special soap, special powder...even a special laxative."



2. Then Sis flared up and called me a back number. "Up-to-date mothers," she said, "know that babies aren't just miniature adults. They're different. And just as they need special foods, they need a special laxative, too!"



3. "Why, our own doctor approved Castoria, because it is made especially for children. It's mild and gentle...and safe for a child's delicate system. Yet it's effective and thorough, as a laxative should be."



4. "After all, a medicine strong enough for grown-ups can be too strong for a baby's insides. But, even for tiny babies, Castoria isn't 'harsh' or griping. It works gently. Come along while I get a bottle."



5. The druggist said Sis was right about Castoria. "Its chief ingredient," he told us, "is senna, which has been especially processed to eliminate griping. Senna is not harmful or habit-forming."



6. "So," he added, "Castoria doesn't upset a baby's stomach. It works almost naturally, in about 8 to 12 hours, so it won't disturb sleep. I always recommend Castoria...and suggest the economical Family Size."



7. Later, I happened to be there when the baby needed a laxative. He took Castoria without a fuss...seemed to love it. Hmmm. Guess a kid sister can be pretty smart!

CASTORIA

The SAFE laxative made especially for children.



Cool Under Fire

LAZY summers being a thing of the past for most of us, you're probably thinking right now about a print or dark, cool dress that will see you through hard-working dog days and into early fall.

That's why we're presenting a group of late summer clothes that are simple to make, fresh and crisp for office work or shopping and good for wear well into fall.

PRESTIGE PRINT No. 4752. A smart shoulder yoke releases the soft fullness of the waist, which is finished with a double row of buttons and a pert bow at the throat. The dark accessories give it a town look and make this a honey for after-hours' fun as well as working days.

CITY SLICKER No. 4741. Dark and cool is the feminized version of the tailored two-piecer. The large, flattering bow, slim jacket cut away at the lower edge, and three-quarter sleeves make this a "special" for office work and informal dating afterward.

TRIM TROUPER No. 4735. This slim, tailored frock puts on a good show for you, whatever the work or the weather. It would be effective in one of the natural beige or light tan tones, with white or dark brown summer shoes, gloves and hat.

COAT DRESS No. 4740. Nothing so comfortable to wear, easy to make and refreshing to look at as the simple full-length buttoned coat dress. The skirt is cut in four sections.

Pattern Descriptions on Page 35.

Simplicity Patterns may be obtained from your local dealer, or by mail through the Pattern Department of Chatelaine Magazine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto.

Her mother gave her a quick shrewd glance. Then she popped all-day suckers from a paper bag into the children's mouths, and prepared to take them home.

"Why is our mother crying?" asked little Kit, turning trustingly to his grandmother.

Marjorie wiped her eyes and said good-by to them, managing to smile as they looked back at her. Dear Tam and Kit. Precious babies.

"We'll come again tomorrow, Mummie."

Marjorie turned her head from the window and wept quietly into her pillow.

It seemed the whole city buzzed with the news of the Runnymede. Workers in the streetcars coming from the shipyards and dockyard discussed it, passing along garbled rumors. Sailors talked it over with their girls. Farmers at the city market shook their heads over it.

"Did you hear about the Runnymede?"

"Any survivors?"

"They say one lifeboat got away."

"It may not be true at all. It hasn't been in the papers . . ."

"Next of kin aren't notified yet."

"They ought to release something about it soon."

"My boy friend's brother was on her. I sure hope he made that lifeboat."

TERRY STEHELIN walked slowly through the dreary gloom of the shabby street. It was just getting dark, and despite her five feet two she felt large and conspicuous in the semi-blackout of the spring evening. She bought a newspaper, and carried it in front of her, behind her large handbag. She passed a house with a doctor's sign on it and looked at it carefully. Perhaps he was the one she should see. She'd have to see some doctor soon, and in this strange city one doctor was like any other to Terry. Perhaps she could ask her landlady—curious old girl. Apparently she only half believed Terry's story about the husband in the Navy who might be coming in any day now. But Terry had

paid her a month in advance, and there wasn't much she could do.

The story, of course, was true, as far as it went. Roy was in the Navy, and his boat might be in any day. But would he want to see her? Would he be interested when he knew about the baby so soon to be born? Seven months is such a long time. And seven months ago they had quarrelled and parted, never wanting to set eyes on each other again.

It had all begun when Roy joined the Navy. He had been an accountant, and had been offered a soft spot with a firm which would be almost certain to keep him exempt from service. Terry had simply assumed that he would take it. She had been sure his love for her would keep him in as safe a place as he could find. So she was totally unprepared for his decision to join the Navy and to ask for sea duty.

They had said bitter words. She had said things she could not possibly retract. He, with red-headed fury, had replied that she didn't know there was a war on, and wanted to make him into a milksop. What Terry had fondly believed was his love for her had burst wide open, and burned itself out in a few hours of blazing innuendo.

In the end he had gone East, and Terry had sold their furniture, broken the lease on their apartment, and moved without a forwarding address.

And then she had found out about the baby. Even that didn't make her relent toward Roy. If he didn't care enough about me to stay with me he can't have any part of my baby, she raged inwardly. He wouldn't care anything about it anyway. Adventure mad! He should have been a bachelor all his life!

She had a good job. She could save enough to have the baby. Then she could get someone to take care of it and go back to work. The idea of being both mother and father to her child intrigued her during those early weeks. She thought of stories she had read of brave mothers who brought up their children and held down jobs with smiling ease.

LINDA DARNELL...IN "THE GIRLS HE LEFT BEHIND", 20th CENTURY-FOX PICTURE



How her luscious SUMMER Skin-Tone can be YOURS



Linda Darnell says—

"For the sun-kissed look that can keep eyes turned your way, I've found nothing to equal this gorgeous Radiant shade of Woodbury Powder. You see, while Woodbury shades blend with skin-coloring, of course, they don't stop at that. They give just the right tone for glamour. And Woodbury Radiant brings your skin the bright, clear glow that means summer allure. Just try it."

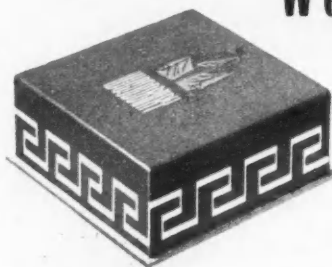


Honeymoon ahead—

Girls, there's manpower for you in Woodbury shades. For film directors helped create them. And thanks to the marvelous Color Control process, plus 3 texture-refinings, they give a smoother, younger, wonderfully natural look. Choose from these: *Radiant*, *Windsor Rose* (Rita Hayworth's shade), *Flesh* (Lucille Ball's shade), *Rachel* (Hedy Lamarr's shade).

WOODBURY POWDER

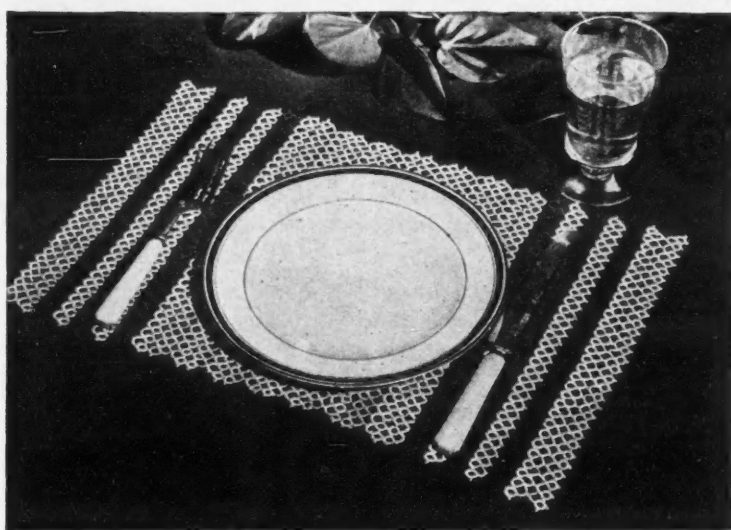
Color-Controlled



Her Make-up Shades! A Hollywood type chart in every Woodbury Powder box tells the Woodbury lipstick and rouge shades that go with each shade of powder. Get your harmonizing, glamorizing Woodbury make-up today. Boxes of Woodbury Powder—25¢, 16¢.

(MADE IN CANADA)

★ BUY WAR SAVINGS CERTIFICATES AND STAMPS ★



Pick-up Work

If you like to tat and have mastered all the basic stitches and loops, this modern luncheon set will amply reward your efforts. Ecru banded in blue, red and green, or your own favorite color scheme.

Full instructions for this and three other new tatting designs may be obtained by writing to: Chatelaine Pattern Service, 481 University Ave., Toronto, and enclosing 10 cents.



**Team Up
WITH CANADA'S
SKY FIGHTERS**

IN THIS WAR, women are on active service. There's an interesting job and a smart R.C.A.F. uniform waiting for you — if you're ready to release eager young airmen for flying combat duty.

There are forty different kinds of work—all essential to the R.C.A.F.'s fighting efficiency—in offices, meteorological departments, hangars, control towers and equipment depots.

You will travel—meet interesting people—may even get overseas. When the war ends you'll be glad you've had this experience. Join now, while opportunities for advancement are available.

The R.C.A.F. needs girls, ages 18 to 45 with at least High School Entrance. Apply at your nearest R.C.A.F. Recruiting Centre, bringing proof of education and birth certificate. EXCELLENT OPPORTUNITIES FOR PROMOTION.

Airwomen are needed for these and many other trades:

Clerks . . . Fabric Workers . . . Transport Drivers . . .
Stenographers . . . Cooks . . . Photographers

Send for this free booklet about airwomen in the R.C.A.F.
Write: Director of Manning, R.C.A.F., Jackson Bldg., Ottawa,
or the nearest Recruiting Centre listed below.



"SHE serves that men may fly!"

Recruiting Centres at:

Vancouver, Calgary, Edmonton,
Saskatoon, Regina, Winnipeg,
North Bay, Windsor, London,
Hamilton, Toronto, Ottawa, Mon-
treal, Quebec, Moncton, Halifax.

Recruiting Centre Hours:

Mondays and Thursdays 9 a.m. to
10 p.m.; Tuesdays, Wednesdays
and Fridays 9 a.m. to 6 p.m.;
Saturdays 9 a.m. to 4.30 p.m.

Information may also be obtained
from any National Selective Service
office

RCAF

ROYAL CANADIAN AIR FORCE

WD-16M

Next of Kin :: Continued from page 7

doesn't allow children in to see their mothers. They might bring in some infection, or get some child's disease started among the babies."

"Tam and Kit just have to see you," said her mother imperturbably, "so I thought I'd just bring them along and hold them up by your window."

"That would be wonderful, mother," Marjorie said gratefully. "You don't know how much I want to see them too."

"About three o'clock," her mother promised.

The nurse walked in, a new one, fresh from the country, and quite unsure of herself. She was relieved that Marjorie's request was so simple. When she brought the ice water they talked for a few minutes.

"Yes, I do like it here," the little nurse said, "everyone is so nice and happy. No one is very sick after they've been delivered. They're all getting better and feeling glad about their babies."

"And you like being in the city too, I suppose," Marjorie said politely, amused at the torrent of words her queries brought forth.

"Oh, yes," the little probie said enthusiastically. "There's so much going on, isn't there?"

"There certainly is around here," agreed Marjorie. "When you go out I wish you'd leave the door open so I can see what's happening. Not that I want you to go," she interjected hurriedly, "I like to have you girls visit and tell me the hospital news."

"Well, there isn't much news," said the probie, "and things will be quieter than usual in visiting hours today. Two of the new patients aren't allowed to have visitors, and neither is Mrs. Beck."

"Mrs. Beck?" enquired Marjorie in surprise. "Why I didn't know she was so ill. Her baby is older than mine, and I thought she was doing very well."

"Oh, it isn't that," the little nurse replied, "I'll tell you, but you mustn't say a word. Her mother got the doctor to give orders that no one was to be allowed in. They're afraid someone will tell her about the Runnymede."

LIKE AN icy hand fear laid its cold fingers on Marjorie's heart. The little probie was arranging things on the dresser. Her back was turned and she did not see the sudden pallor that overspread Marjorie's features, nor hear the note of urgency that crept into her next remark.

"The Runnymede? What about the Runnymede?"

"Didn't you hear?" asked the probie casually. "It's all over town. They say she's been sunk."

"Oh!" Was it a sigh or an exclamation? The little probie wasn't sure. But in the mirror she saw her patient's arms go limp, glimpsed the white face and tortured grey eyes. Marjorie could hear the girl's excited voice above the drumming in her ears as she relaxed and slid into unconsciousness.

When she opened her eyes both the doctor and the hospital supervisor were bending over her, but she was past feeling any satisfaction in the sudden and complete attention that was hers.

"We're very sorry, Mrs. Williams," the supervisor said. "Of course Nurse

Robinson had no idea your husband was on the Runnymede when she repeated that rumor."

"And it's the baldest rumor anyway," the doctor assured her. "No one knows anything about the Runnymede. It hasn't been in the papers, and the Navy certainly hasn't released any statement."

"You know how rumors go around this port," went on the supervisor.

Marjorie did not answer. She couldn't answer. In a moment both the supervisor and the doctor withdrew. It was her own personal anguish, and no medical skill or opiate could do anything for her. The first numbness—almost as much physical as spiritual—had settled around her heart. Inside was a well of misery and shock with which for a while her mind refused to cope. It dwelt on inconsequential things. Like the flowers. And the Navy Wives Knitting Club. Marjorie knew now why they had sent flowers. It had been unusual, she realized. They didn't usually send flowers when one of their members gave birth. There were just too many Navy wives having children these days. This was their way of saying they were sorry. It was a possibility every one of them had faced at one time and another. Now for Marjorie the blow had fallen.

Tearlessly she stared before her. A nurse drifted in. Not Nurse Robinson, but a more experienced nurse who had been assigned to the floor. Marjorie asked her to move the bed over by the window where she could watch for her mother and the children.

It was just three o'clock when they came. The two little faces were scrubbed and shining, and they beamed through the glass at their mother.

"We have new coats," shouted Kit.

So they had. Blue tweed coats for spring.

"How beautiful you look!" said Marjorie, and to her mother, "Mother, darling, you shouldn't have—"

"Of course I should have. They're my grandchildren. I have a right to do things for them," said her mother proudly, almost smugly.

Marjorie looked at her mother. She too had on a different coat. No! It wasn't different either. It was her old one, dyed brown.

"I had it tinted," said her mother, following Marjorie's glance. "It's a perfect match for my brown felt hat."

Marjorie looked at her mother's expression and knew it was no use to protest. For years her slender income had been spent on other people. First for Marjorie herself, who as a girl had been a perfectionist, aided and abetted by her mother. Now she bought things for Marjorie's children. And when they're grown up she'll find someone else, thought Marjorie. And now, with Stubby gone, I'll have to let her do more than ever—

The tears welled up at last. Her mother said lightly, "Having my old coat dyed might have been called stinginess a few years back. Now it's patriotism. That suits me down to the ground. I can get some credit for following my natural instincts."

"Mother, you're wonderful," said Marjorie. "Telephone me when you get home. I want to talk to you. It's about the Runnymede."

to ask, and later some time, when it would be easier for her, she would tell them about the Runnymede, and they would know that Daddy wouldn't be home any more.

The telephone jingled at her elbow, and Marjorie lifted the receiver mechanically and said, "Hello—yes," and was suddenly electrified. Her mind and heart went wild with joy.

It was Stubby's voice.

Yes, it certainly was. And he was saying, "Hello—hello, there, First Mate. What's this you're up to the minute my back is turned?"

"Stubby! It's really you! You're safe—are you all right?"

"Of course I am," he replied cheerily. "You can't get rid of Williams—not when he's just become a father again!"

"What happened?" she cried excitedly. "The Runnymede? How did you get off? Never mind, don't tell me now. Come right down here where I can see you, and look at you."

"I'll be right there," he promised. "I'd be there now, but your mother thought the shock would be too great. Thought I'd better phone you first, so you wouldn't think I was a spook—"

"You nut! Oh, you dear crazy—live nut," cried Marjorie happily, tears of relief flowing unrestrained down her face.

"Be seeing you in a minute," he replied.

Marjorie just had time to summon the nurse and get into the new blue nightgown and bed jacket, and to tie the blue ribbon around her hair.

It seemed that everyone in the hospital was happy about Stubby. The switchboard operator had a special lit in her voice.

"Lieutenant Williams and Lieutenant Stehelin to see you, Mrs. Williams. Shall I send them right down?"

Then Marjorie could see them coming down the corridor. Her Stubby, short and broad-shouldered. Alive. And looking exactly as fit as ever in his Navy uniform. She didn't know the tall red-haired officer with him—this Lieutenant Stehelin—and she wondered why Stubby had brought him along on the occasion of their reunion.

Stubby told her as soon as he could. It was after the first excitement of their being together again. After he and Roy Stehelin had told her in disjointed sentences how they and many others had been picked out of the sea after what seemed days but was actually hours after the Runnymede had sunk. Roy Stehelin had left them for a moment to get a newspaper.

"He's a sensitive sort of chap," said Stubby, "probably he thinks we'd like a word alone together. You see," he went on, "we were together all the time. In fact he was the one who pulled me into the lifeboat. And when we got ashore Roy had a letter from a friend of his in Toronto. Seems his wife is going to have a baby, and the trouble is, he and his wife had a quarrel, and he does not even know how to get in touch with her. So old Roy was feeling pretty low. I thought I'd better take him in tow."

"I'm glad you brought him along," said Marjorie generously. She could afford to be generous to people in trouble on this afternoon of joy and tremulous gratitude to her stars.

When Roy returned with the newspaper, a pretty white-capped nurse was

just bringing the baby down to Le nursed.

"We don't usually let the babies go on exhibit this way," she said, "but this is an exceptional case. And anyway she's going home tomorrow."

"You mean it's exceptional because her Daddy's just come back from a watery grave?" jested Roy Stehelin, coming closer to look at the sleepy infant.

The nurse was just about to hand the pink bundle over to him when Stubby intervened.

"Say, what's this? I'm the baby's father."

"Oh, excuse me," the girl's fresh young face began to flush. Turning quickly she placed the baby in Stubby's arms. "You see it was the red hair that confused me. The baby's red hair and your friend's red hair. I naturally thought—"

Everyone laughed to cover up her embarrassment.

"I guess not many babies are born with red hair," remarked Roy Stehelin.

"Not many. Most don't have any hair at all. Although," she added brightly, "we do have another redhead up in the nursery now—Baby Stehelin."

Had she mispronounced the name? Roy looked at her sharply, "Baby Stehelin?"

"Yes. Odd name in a way, isn't it?"

Roy tensed just perceptibly. "It's been my name for twenty-eight years," he said. "I didn't know there were any more Stehelins around. I wonder if you noticed how Baby Stehelin's name is spelled?"

The nurse was a little bored with the topic. But Roy looked deadly earnest.

"Two e's and an h," she said indifferently, "S-T-E-H-E-L-I-N or something like that. I can't be sure."

"Would it be possible for me to look at the hospital register?" persisted Roy.

A shade of annoyance crept into the nurse's face.

"I'm not sure about it. I would have to ask the supervisor, and she is very busy . . ."

"Will you take me to her?"

Nurse Robinson reached for the baby in Stubby's arms. Her schedule was being upset. She must return to the nursery.

"I'll take the baby," Marjorie intervened. "Let me have her. She'll be quite safe till you get back."

The nurse put the baby down beside Marjorie and tucked the covers over her.

"This isn't usual at all," she said. She shrugged her shoulders and led Roy down the corridor. These were days of unusual events.

THE NEWS of the Runnymede disaster was finally in the papers. The night nurses read the story before they came on duty.

"See this Lieutenant Stehelin and Lieutenant Williams? They were here this afternoon. That's Mrs. Williams' husband."

"The second one from the left in the picture. Mrs. Williams in Room 18."

"And that's the Lieutenant Stehelin who was with him."

"And here's a picture of Commander Richard Beck. His name is at the top of the list of officers and men who were lost."

"Poor little Mrs. Beck."

Be Lovelier for Him... go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



"My skin has never been so soft-textured and smooth," says Mrs. Thomas Allen Smith. "The Camay Mild-Soap Diet seems to work miracles."

Skin Care for Summer! Go on the CAMAY MILD-SOAP DIET!



SMOOTH!

Keep skin fresher, clearer. Avoid the extra oiliness that "cakes" make-up. Mild Camay helps!



MILD!

Camay's rich lather even feels mild on your skin. Cream Camay lather luxuriously around nose, chin.



SKIN!

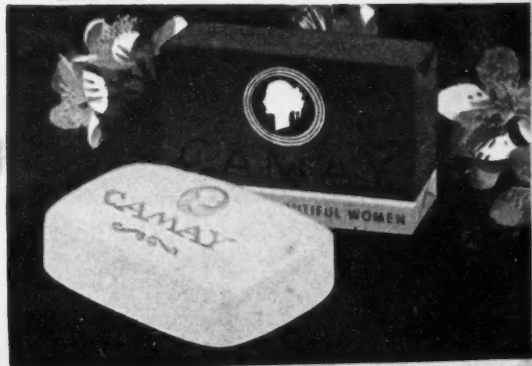
Dewy-soft after a warm rinse. If your skin's oily, splash cold. Repeat night and morning—for new beauty.

MEN often start dreaming of wedding bells along! Win the heart of the man you love—with a skin that's fresher, clearer, smoother. Go on the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. For Camay's gentle twice-a-day cleansing can smooth away dry flakiness and roughness—leave your skin more satin smooth, clearer.

Remember—skin specialists advise a Mild-Soap Diet. Yes—Camay gives you the mild cleansing that skin specialists say actually helps your skin to new beauty. So change to proper mild care—to the Camay Mild-Soap Diet. Be faithful. Mild Camay day-by-day—means new loveliness for you. Sooner than you think, you'll be hearing compliments on your smoother, softer Camay complexion.

Lovely Brides follow the Mild-Soap Diet!

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TRY THIS RECIPE:
GRAPE MINT CORDIAL
 To make this delicious southern-style appetizer just dissolve 1 heaping tablespoon of sugar in ½ cup of boiling water, add 1 drop of essence of peppermint. After cooling, add juice of one lemon and 1 cup of E. D. SMITH'S Pure Grape Juice. Chill and serve ice cold in cocktail glasses as dinner cordial or breakfast appetizer — OR — Serve as "tall drink" by adding equal measure of water and crushed ice. Use garnish of fresh mint. (Five servings either way.)

From Niagara's vineyards...
E.D. SMITH'S PURE GRAPE JUICE

Here's healthful goodness
...AND PLENTY OF IT!

E. D. SMITH'S Grape Juice is made and bottled in the very heart of Niagara's famous vineyards... You get the cream of the crop in a grape juice that is *extra rich* in healthful food values and appetizing flavour. With citrus and other fruit juices hard to get, E. D. SMITH'S Grape Juice fills a most important nutrition need. Not a substitute — by its own merits, a delicious appetizer — a perfect mixer... an ideal source of the energy calories needed for strenuous war-time work. Sold by grocers everywhere.

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But as the weeks wore on her anger at Roy began to wear off. The war news got worse, and Terry began belatedly to realize why a man like Roy had to join up, and why he felt he must do active duty.

That was when she went to see Pete and Mary Reynolds. Pete had been Roy's best friend, and Mary greeted her warmly. With no hesitation they told her what they knew about Roy. Yes, he was at sea, on the Runnymede, doing convoy duty. Pete got a card from him occasionally from an east coast port.

When Terry got up to go, Mary looked at her closely as she stood in the loose plaid coat.

"Do write to him, Terry," she advised. "He really loves you, you know. Don't be a little fool any longer."

"Perhaps," was all Terry would promise. But that night she packed her trunk to go East.

"I won't write to him," she thought. "Anyway I want to see him at the first possible minute. So I'll go and be there when the boat gets in."

TERRY WENT into the Horseshoe Restaurant. It was crowded, but no more crowded than any other eating establishment in the city. This one was usually half full of naval men. Terry always looked at them surreptitiously, wondering if some time she might find Roy's red head among them. Tonight the restaurant was so full that the only seat she could find was at the counter. Two men seated next to her were talking loudly.

"And he told me she just broke in two and sank," said one of them.

"And so that's the end of the Runnymede," said the other.

Terry gripped the counter as a long shudder spread over her. She felt dizzy and sick, and a man behind her said in her ear, "Lady, do you need any help?"

In the end it was her landlady who saw her through the next few hours.

"You'll have to have a doctor," she told Terry, as the girl lay white-faced upon her bed.

"I don't know any doctors," Terry said. "I suppose you might call any of them—the nearest one."

"Well, I'll call my doctor," said the landlady, "and we'll talk it over with him. Of course you'll have to go to the hospital. I can't have a baby being born here."

"Of course not," Terry agreed.

The landlady and the doctor held a consultation in the hall before he bustled in to see her.

"I want to do it as economically as possible," Terry said. "I have very little money. It may be some time before I can make arrangements."

"I think we can arrange to get you into the public ward at the hospital, if that's what you want," said the doctor. She didn't look like a ward case, he thought. There was something about her voice and manner. Still you never could tell. And after all, she knew her own business best.

"That will be fine," Terry agreed without looking at him. "Anything will be fine."

"What makes her so apathetic?" the doctor wondered. "Unusual case."

But Terry was beyond caring what a stranger, or indeed what anyone, thought of her. Her normal, rather elfin beauty was completely submerged in the disfigurement of pregnancy. The

words she had overheard in the restaurant about the Runnymede had produced a shock which put her beyond ordinary reactions. She realized she was soon to have her baby. But suddenly it was as though the baby did not belong to her. As though someone else's body were about to bear the pain. What did it matter what happened to her now? What did it matter about the baby? Almost she welcomed the pains which clamored for her attention, and in some way brought relief from the vast ache and emptiness of her heart. The Runnymede—yes, those men had certainly been talking about the Runnymede. Torpedoed. Next of kin—didn't they always notify next of kin before the news was given out? But with sickening heart she realized that the Navy didn't even have her address. It served her right, she knew. She had fallen down on her job. She hadn't been much of a wife to Roy in the past few months. And now—now she could never make it up to him. Unless—unless—Some shred of hope persisted and gave her strength to carry through her ordeal.

The doctor examined her quickly, competently.

"Perfectly normal," he pronounced. "I think the interne can look after you all right."

Hours later Terry knew that the interne had looked after her all right, and that she had a baby son.

The nurse who brought the baby in for its two o'clock feeding smiled at her.

"Baby Stehelin," she said, checking the beads around the baby's neck, which spelled out the surname, and were worn continuously from birth until the baby left the hospital. "Your baby has red hair," she remarked conversationally, "and yours is so dark. Has your husband red hair?"

"Yes, he has—had," said Terry, turning her eyes away from the smiling nurse as they flooded with tears. The nurse wondered what could be the matter with this Mrs. Stehelin that she was so close to tears all the time. She wondered if she should take her temperature, or report it to the supervisor.

"Is there anything I can do?" she asked doubtfully.

"No—except perhaps one thing. If you'd ask at the desk for a newspaper. I'd like to buy one each day."

"Oh, that will be easy," said the nurse, seemingly relieved that there was something she could do for this sweet-faced girl.

"I'll ask them to save you one each morning."

"YOU'LL BE going home tomorrow," said the nurse to Marjorie Williams. "I suppose your older children will be all excited."

"Yes," said Marjorie, "they never were away from me before. They're used to getting along without their father, but not without me." Her eyes were on the rain streaking the window-pane, and she spoke experimentally, wondering whether she could refer to Stubby casually that way without breaking down. Well, she had tried it, and she hadn't cried. She must be able to speak to the children about him without any display of emotion. They would be sure to ask when Daddy would be home to see the new baby. She would have to tell them he would be home soon. Then gradually they would forget

Air Raid Warning :: Continued from page 15

throat ached, and she put her hand up to it. "I won't believe it."

He ground out his cigarette.

"It just hasn't happened to you yet, that's all. So you have those pretty dreams. But it can. It can all go—like that." He flipped the dead stub onto the lawn and stood up. "We've got awfully serious after a gay evening. Sorry." The moon came from behind a cloud, and the light fell on his face. She saw the smile with all its charm flash over his face again. "What about tomorrow? Couldn't we do something tomorrow? I'm off in the evening. How about a movie—or going somewhere cool to dance?"

In the next few weeks Sara had her hands full with Alan Fraser. The night after the dinner party she had thought the problem through, and at last, in the long hours of the night, she had decided, that, since he would doubtless be playing with someone, it might be better with her—who was so obviously safe. In the days and weeks that followed, she built up a picture of the girl back in Rochester. She was rather pretty—he had shown her a snap one day—but as far as Sara could see she had little style. Then she discovered that she had come from a small town near Rochester where Alan had been working for an engineering firm, and she saw her—quiet, simple and loving, marrying this gay and charming boy when they were both very young, and finding herself, perhaps, a little like a sparrow who has captured a bird of paradise and doesn't quite know what to do with it. Her mind went round and round, trying to solve the problem, trying to show Alan Fraser how wrong he was and, without acknowledging it, even to herself, trying to prove the solidarity of marriage. For that was the thought that she kept pushing out of her mind. If Alan Fraser could find camp and the war an easy way to forget his responsibilities to his wife, so could thousands of other young husbands.

Finally one day, after Alan had tried to kiss her goodnight the night before, she took her courage into her hands and wrote to Ellen Fraser.

"I've come to be great friends with your husband through the canteen," she wrote, "and I know how lonely he's been. Couldn't you possibly come out here to Vancouver and pay him a surprise visit? I'm alone in my little house and miss my husband dreadfully. So I should love to have you visit me here for two or three weeks if you would like to come. We wives have to stick together, don't we, and you would be cheering me up as well as Alan . . ."

IT SEEMED only a minute to Sara from the time she wrote that letter to the afternoon when she went down to the train, her heart in her mouth, to meet Ellen Fraser. She kept muttering little prayers all the way to the station.

"Help me to make it turn out all right. Make them love each other again. Let something happen to show them they've loved each other all the time . . ." Her prayers were pretty confused, for she was pretty well frightened by this time. She was taking such a risk. Alan might be furious with her, furious with his wife, turn ugly on them both. As she parked her car and ran toward the station, she felt she had done something rash, interfering and officious.

But it was too late for these heart searchings. The train from the East was in, and travellers with that eager questioning look were coming up from the tracks into the station. It was not hard for Sara to find Ellen Fraser. She saw her at once—pale with the heat, her suit mussed and dowdy, her fair hair stuck to her forehead under an unbecoming hat. But the face beneath the hat was sweet and appealing. Sara rushed forward.

"You're Ellen, aren't you?" she demanded eagerly, grasping both the girl's hands as she put down her bag. "I am glad to see you. I think you're wonderful to have taken this long trip. Was it frightfully hot?" She laughed. "I'm so excited I'm babbling like an idiot."

Ellen smiled back shyly.

"I guess it was hot—but honestly I was too keyed up to notice it. Everyone else talked about it an awful lot . . ." Her voice died away. "How is he?" she asked then. "Is he well? Is he happy?" Her face tightened. "Do you think he'll be glad to see me?"

All the way home, all the time she was installing Ellen Fraser in her pink and white guest room, Sara kept telling her in various ways how glad Alan was going to be to see her. Without deviating too much from the truth, she tried to picture an Alan, busy and successful in his army life, but missing home, eager to come out to the Sedgwick house because it reminded him of the little house back in Rochester she knew about. She talked of Peter, showed pictures of him, and all the time she saw the girl's confidence build up, bit by bit, until there was color and sparkle in her face.

"Alan's coming out for dinner," Sara went on. "I told him there were to be some other people, but he hasn't an idea you're going to be one of them. So look your prettiest."

Ellen's face fell.

"But I haven't anything here to look my prettiest in. My clothes are all in my trunk. It won't be here until tomorrow."

Sara tossed that off. She hoped her face would not show the relief she felt.

"I can let you take a dress of mine—if you don't mind wearing one," she offered. "We're almost a size." She flew across the hall and began pulling out her wardrobe. Ellen followed slowly after.

"Look, how's this white jersey? With your fair hair and that tan you'll be a knockout!"

The other girl took the dress longingly into her hands.

"I don't feel as if I should wear it. It is lovely, though . . ."

Sara pushed it at her.

"Honestly, I'd just love to have you wear it. It isn't new—I've had it for ages. But we've got to rush. That train was late, you know. Let me know when you've had your bath and I'll help you into the dress."

It was like a dream—or a nightmare. Sara's fingers trembled so that she could hardly get into her own clothes. She wore her oldest, least becoming dress and tried to look her plainest. When she was ready she ran across the hall and tapped at Ellen's door.

Ellen had managed to get herself into the white jersey and stood now before the long mirror staring at herself in-

Continued on page 43

NEVER A DULL MOMENT by Frise



AFLOAT or ashore, men in the service know a good drink when they sip one! That's why sparkling, iced "Pepsi-Cola" makes new friends daily in the mess and at canteens everywhere. Civilians too—in every type of war work—are wearing that "Pepsi-Cola" smile as they pour out twelve zestful ounces of the finer beverage that banishes fatigue the happy way! Why not treat yourself to iced "Pepsi-Cola" today?



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troops will have a grand time. Keep Ritz on hand for these happy occasions . . . everybody likes its zesty, nut-like flavour. Ask for Christie's Ritz at your grocer's. In sealed, moisture-proof packages only . . . not sold in bulk.

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"Poor Baby Beck. He'll never see his father."

It was the Admiral's wife who broke the news to her daughter. Diane's bright hair was brushed shining, and tied with a ribbon. She looked like a little girl, but motherhood had brought a new and more serious expression to the grey-blue eyes. When they were alone, her mother said quietly, "Diane, we're taking you home this evening, but before we go there is something I shall have to tell you."

It was difficult for Sylvia Arkley. It had been a difficult week. She sat stiffly erect in the straight chair, as though she herself could feel the impact of the news she had to tell. Her iron-grey hair was crisply groomed beneath the little black hat. Years of disciplined living had added not an ounce to her figure which was almost girlish still. Her features were almost too well controlled. She looked at her only daughter, and struggled to gain control of her voice, and the compassion that welled and overflowed in her heart. Diane's sheltered girlhood and womanhood had been the result of her mother's attention and forethought. When she was a little girl with long golden curls and level candid eyes, her picture books had been chosen with care—to develop imagination but never to cause a bad dream. Her friends had been hand-picked, her schools had been investigated and every teacher checked. Everything had been perfect for Diane—her clothes, her coming-out party, yes, and her marriage to Richard Beck, one of the most promising of the younger officers of the Navy. Sylvia Arkley hadn't known that they were planning to have children. She had hoped they wouldn't—at least for a while.

But when Diane had told her that the baby was coming, there had been such happiness in her daughter's face that Sylvia had hidden her inward shudder and had smiled and rejoiced with them all. No one had noticed if her hair had grown a little greyer as her daughter's confinement approached. No one had seen a single line appear on the smooth features. But here was a blow from which there was no shield, and for the first time the situation was too much for her. For the first time Sylvia Arkley wondered if she had done the right thing to govern her daughter's life so rigidly and well.

At first it seemed as though Diane was trying to make it harder for her. She did not look up, appeared not to hear, and to be lost in a study of the baby's face.

"It's about Dick, dear," continued her mother. After a long while the girl spoke. She was not her mother's daughter for nothing. Calmly she said, "I know. He's lost, isn't he?"

Sylvia Arkley got up and walked hurriedly to the window.

"How did you know, dear child? Who told you?"

"No one," said Diane. "No one told me. But I knew. Everyone has been so kind. Daddy has been so bluff and hearty, and the doctor so reassuring and cheerful, and the nurses so bright and solicitous. And all sorts of people, even some I don't know, have sent flowers."

"Of course. Everyone is heartbroken for you, dear."

"And then besides, I think I knew before that," went on Diane thoughtfully. Her own eyes were bright and dry, but across the gulf of years her mother watched her with gathering tears.

"Somehow when you're having a baby you sort of get a glimpse of the pattern of things. I used to say I was afraid to have this baby, for fear it would come between Dick and me—for fear we couldn't have such gay times together with the responsibility of a baby on our minds. But when the baby was born I knew there was a special reason. That somehow he was my only sure link with Dick; whatever happened."

Diane turned to look at her mother who was sitting quietly by the window. She realized suddenly that never before had she seen tears in her mother's eyes. Those handsome features, forever poised from careful grooming in her youth, and by years of experience and self-discipline, now for a moment bespoke only helplessness and frustration.

Paradoxically Diane felt new strength surge through her.

"Darling, I can manage quite well," she said. "From the moment there was danger for Dick I knew it might happen. I knew there must be an end to tempting fate." Her voice rose almost animatedly. "Mother, do you know Dick once told me that deciding to go to sea in this war was like deciding to have a baby. He meant you loved life—you had to love life—so much you were not afraid to die. I know that's what he meant anyway—though perhaps he didn't put it quite that way." Diane paused for a moment, and then quietly added, "I'm awfully thankful for Dick's baby."

THE ADMIRAL'S wife and Nurse Kinlay took Diane home that evening. Sylvia Arkley carried some of the roses that Diane wanted to take with her, a rather wilted-looking bouquet of bronze roses that had come before the baby had been born. The nurse carried a basket of gifts that had arrived for the baby. But Diane herself carried her child.

"I want to take him," she said firmly. "I really am strong, you know. Strong enough for anything, with him in my arms."

And so they went out of the suite and down the corridor. As they walked they passed a patient being wheeled from the public ward into a private room. The face of the little patient was radiant. Her eyes were dark and bright, her cheeks were flushed, her lips red and wreathed with smiles, and beside her, walking straight and proudly, was a tall, red-haired lieutenant. +

Marching Feet!

Nothing fancy about those black leather oxfords the Air Force girls wear — no indeed! They're made for marching comfort and long service, and each pair costs the Canadian Government \$4.65. Might remember that, next time you tuck away a \$4 war savings certificate. Might remember, too, how many pairs are needed for the 12,000 girls doing your country's work in the RCAF Women's Division.

credulously. The dress clung to her in the right spots, and Sara saw that she had a lovely figure. The warm bath had curled her short hair into an aureole about her forehead and her face was glowing with excitement.

"But—my dear," Sara stammered, "you're perfectly beautiful!"

Ellen shook her head happily.

"No, I'm not—not really—but I should like Alan to think I'm beautiful tonight . . ."

Impulsively Sara leaned forward and kissed her.

"Well, if he doesn't, he's blind," she said cheerfully. "Look—why don't you wait up here a few minutes, and then when everyone is here, come on down? You look so marvellous he'll be terribly proud to have you come walking in on them all like that . . ."

He can't be mean to her in front of everyone, she was saying desperately to herself.

THEY WERE in the living room having sherry when Ellen came slowly down the stairs in the white dress. Sara saw Alan put down his glass and turn to her. He gave her a look full of anger and resentment, and then he walked into the hall and took Ellen's hand.

"Did the bride come C.O.D.?" Sara heard him ask coolly. Then he bent and kissed Ellen lightly on the cheek. "This is a surprise."

Sara picked up her sherry and drank it off in one gulp.

"It isn't going to work," she said desolately to herself. "He's going to be horrid to her—and break her heart—right here in front of me . . ."

The dinner seemed endless. Course followed course, and Sara heard herself talking inanities, while all the time she felt Alan Fraser's angry eyes fixed on her, and saw the light go out of Ellen's eyes, bit by bit.

He doesn't even know she's beautiful tonight, and that I look as homely as mud! she thought. Oh, Peter, if you were only here! And then she found that same prayer repeating itself in her heart. Make something happen to show him that he loves her—truly—loves her underneath all the bitterness and misunderstanding . . .

Somehow the evening wore on, and then, about ten o'clock, Sara missed Ellen.

She's just powdering her nose, she thought uneasily. But when the girl had been gone almost half an hour she could stand it no longer. She gave Alan a reproachful glance and ran up the stairs to tap at Ellen's closed door. There was no answer, no sound from the room. Sara opened the door and went in.

Ellen lay across the bed, shaking with long hard sobs. She seemed not to have heard the softly opening door. Sara went swiftly across the room, knelt beside the bed.

"What is it? What has happened?" she asked, putting a hand on the girl's shoulder.

Ellen shook off her hand and sat up, showing her tear-stained face to Sara.

"How could you, how could you do it?" she asked in a voice thick with tears. "How could you bring me away out here just to show me that he's in love with you? He hasn't taken his eyes off you the whole evening—and it's the way a man looks when he's in love . . ." She flung herself face downward on the bed again. "I didn't know anyone could be so cruel," she sobbed. "I didn't. I wish I was dead . . ." Then before

Sara could speak she sprang up and began tearing off the white dress. "I must go away from here. I won't stay here another minute . . ."

Sara grew suddenly calm. She leaned forward and gave Ellen a little push back onto the bed.

"You're acting very silly," she said in a quiet voice, "and if I didn't know you were thoroughly upset I think I'd be glad if you did go away. Now you're going to listen to me a minute. Alan means less than nothing to me. I think he's a nice enough boy—but I happen to be very much in love with my own husband. You've gone off completely at half cock, and I don't blame you a great deal. Alan was pretty cool, but he was surprised and didn't like being surprised." She leaned toward the girl. "You know I have an idea you've handled Alan wrong from the start. You haven't enough spunk. He's the sort of man you have to stand up to and tell off once in a while . . ."

Ellen was listening to her now. She twisted her fingers together.

"It's true—I have made so many mistakes . . ." She buried her face in her hands. Her voice came muffled and thick with distress. "That's why I came so gladly when you asked me—I thought perhaps it was another chance." She dragged herself off the bed and stood staring at her face in the mirror. "I could do anything—be anything—if I only knew he loved me—truly loved me," she said pitifully. "As soon as he went away I knew that was all that mattered." She looked wonderingly at Sara. "Even losing the baby didn't matter in the same way any more. If I could have Alan back I wouldn't ask for anything else . . ."

Resolutely Sara stood up.

"Then wash your face and come on back downstairs. Give him a little time to get used to the idea of your being here. Try to be your most attractive with him. He only wants a little fun and happiness—so why don't you try to give it to him?"

SHE WENT downstairs even more uneasy than when she went up. It was one thing to deal out these platitudes about marriage and readjustments and happiness together, and quite another to make them all work out and come true. She walked unhappily into the living room to find Alan pacing up and down alone like a caged lion.

"Where is everyone?" she demanded.

He laughed shortly.

"They've gone. They asked me to say good night. I guess they all felt as if they were sitting on a keg of dynamite and didn't want to be here when it went off."

Sara stamped her foot in swift anger. "What is wrong with you, Alan? How can you be so hard—so unfeeling?"

He twisted the cigarette he had just picked up into shreds.

"But I tell you the whole thing's no good—it's finished. I as good as told her so before I left. She had no right to follow me out here." He rubbed his forehead. "I want to forget it all—start over . . ." He reached out an arm suddenly and drew Sara close against him. "I want to kiss you—now—and hard . . ."

She was helpless against his strength. He pressed his mouth against hers. Her skin was bruised by his shaven chin, but he paid no attention to her struggle

✦ Continued on page 45

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Food to feed the nation . . . the United Nations. Food to win the war . . . that's an all-day, every-day job for the farmer. It means working hard and saving hard in every way I can. That's why my overalls are Sanforized. I don't waste good denim by buying overalls that shrink to uselessness. Sanforized is a lesson I learned from the Army. Their cotton uniforms are Sanforized for permanent fit. Never again will I buy clothes too big. Now I buy Sanforized garments that fit first, last, and always.

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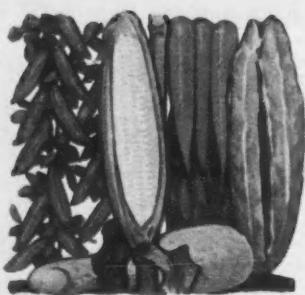
**BUY
VICTORY
BONDS**

"Look what's cookin' for me this year!"

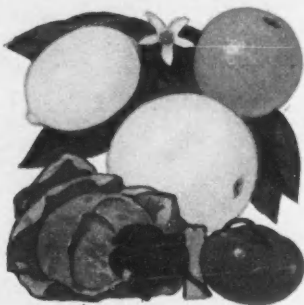
Yes, Susie, your health comes first—and you are going to do all right. So is *all* the family, for mother is going to depend more on the fresh fruits and vegetables. And if she does just a little planning (because different fruits and vegetables help

in different ways) you'll be healthier than ever. *Together*, they can give you all the vitamin C you need, and a good deal of your vitamins A and B and minerals! That's why nutritionists say...

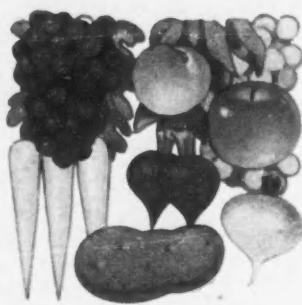
HAVE AT LEAST ONE SERVING FROM EACH OF THESE 3 GROUPS EVERY DAY:



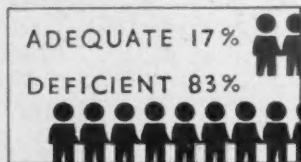
1. To get plenty of vitamin A, choose a yellow or green vegetable or fruit; as *first choices*: carrots, spinach, squash, peas, beans, sweet potatoes, yellow corn or turnip greens.



2. All your vitamin C must come from fruits and vegetables. That's why *this* small list is so important. *First choices*: oranges, then lemons, grapefruit, tomatoes and raw cabbage.



3. For a variety of other health values, you want at least one large helping (some raw, some cooked) of turnips, parsnips, white potatoes, beets, grapes, peaches or raw apples.



83% of Canadians get too little fruit to satisfy minimum health requirements, according to a recent Gallup poll made by the Canadian Institute of Public Opinion. Food experts advise one serving of citrus fruit *every day*. It is the richest natural source of vitamin C, needed daily as your body cannot store it.



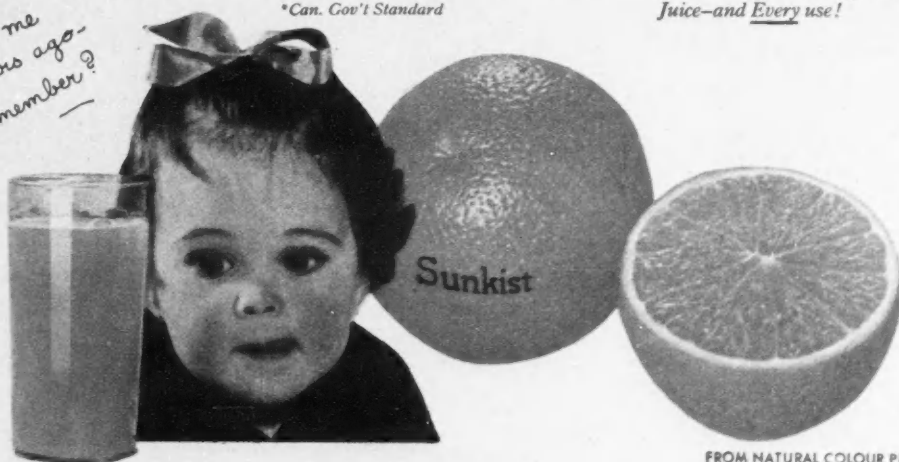
Fortunately your morning six ounces* of fresh orange juice can give you all the vitamin C you need—with useful amounts of vitamins A and B, and calcium. Or you can have cut-up oranges for breakfast, or in salads and desserts. A whole orange between meals or in the lunch box is a good idea too. There are dozens of ways to enjoy this natural sweet.

*Can. Gov't Standard



We're making lots of orange concentrates for Allied armed forces. To help make the home supply go farther, keep oranges in a cool, well-aired place. If you strain the juice, use a coarse sieve and stir the healthful pulp through. You can buy trademarked Sunkist Oranges for at least a week's needs. They are "good keepers"—finest from 14,500 cooperating California-Arizona growers. *First for Juice—and Every use!*

*This is me
2 years ago—
Remember?*



FROM NATURAL COLOUR PHOTOGRAPHS

Sunkist

CALIFORNIA ORANGES

FIRST FOR JUICE—and *Every use!*

BUY WAR SAVINGS STAMPS AND CERTIFICATES



Air Raid Warning :: Continued from page 43

and held her tight in his arms. Then he let her go.

"I enjoyed that thoroughly," he said. His breath was coming unevenly.

"I'm beginning to think you are a beast." She was so angry she could scarcely speak. "After Ellen goes I never want to see you again."

He grinned wickedly.

"You'll miss me—more than you think."

Sara went over to the piano and sat down. Her hands were shaking so she could hardly play, but she persisted. Alan started across the room toward her and then Ellen came back into the room.

Sara jumped up.

"Let's all have something cool to drink. I'll get it. You two must have lots to talk about . . ."

She started for the door, but Alan's voice stopped her.

"Come back, Sara," he said sharply.

"That's a silly subterfuge. Ellen and I haven't anything to say to each other that we didn't say before I left Rochester."

Ellen came farther into the room. Sara saw with a burst of thankfulness that her face had lost the beaten look it had had upstairs. It had come alive again and was full of light and spirit.

"I have quite a lot to say, Alan," she said quietly, "things I didn't even know when you left." Her eyes held his. "I see how wrong I was about a lot of things—wrong about—about the baby . . ." Her voice stumbled. "I missed you so. You were all that seemed to matter . . ."

He stared at her angrily.

"You've certainly changed," he said. "I can't—so easily. That last year did something to me. I can't forget how I tried to comfort you—and how you turned away from me." He stuck his hands in his pockets. His young face looked savage and cruel. "Or how much I loved you then—and—and wanted you—and how you pushed me aside . . ."

Sara put her hands up over her ears.

"Alan! Alan!" she cried. "I won't listen! It isn't decent to say things like this before a stranger." She turned to run from the room when suddenly there was the long, lonesome howl of the air-raid siren.

Abruptly she stopped in the doorway.

"That's the warning," she said slowly,

coming back into the room. "I wonder what it can be."

ELLEN SAT down as if her knees had given way. Her face had whitened.

"You mean—it might be real—a real air attack?"

"I don't know what it is," Sara said. She went from window to window, making sure her blackout protection was light proof. Then she went into the next room and, putting out the lights, peered through a tiny crack in the curtains.

"The sky seems to be full of planes—down near the harbor," she called out. "And searchlights . . ."

Before either of the two in the living room could answer her, there was a deafening explosion from close by. The little house rocked on its foundations while every pane of glass rattled crazily. Sara, clinging to the long curtains for support, saw a spurt of flame shoot into the sky to the east and then heard one dull roar after another fill the air. Almost immediately the telephone shrilled sharply out in the hall.

Sara ran and picked up the receiver.

"This is Tom Wilson—your air-raid warden, Mrs. Sedgwick," the voice told her crisply. "All hell seems to have broken loose down the line . . . We don't know yet what it is—but you'd better go down to the cellar. I'll let you know more if I can."

"Yes," Sara said dully.

So this was it—this was war—and it had come to their corner of the world. It was as Peter had said—none of them was safe.

Peter! A pain shot through her like a knife. She might never see Peter again! Never have a chance to tell him again how much she loved him! Never . . . In that one agonizing moment she thought of all the little acts of loving kindness she might have done for Peter—silly things like rubbing his head when he came home tired at night, letting him read the paper aloud to her when she loved reading it to herself, getting up to eat breakfast with him instead of having it lazily in bed after he'd gone . . . Even in this revealing instant Sara knew that their marriage had been as near perfect as marriage can be, but she knew,

Continued on page 46

Our Cover Girl



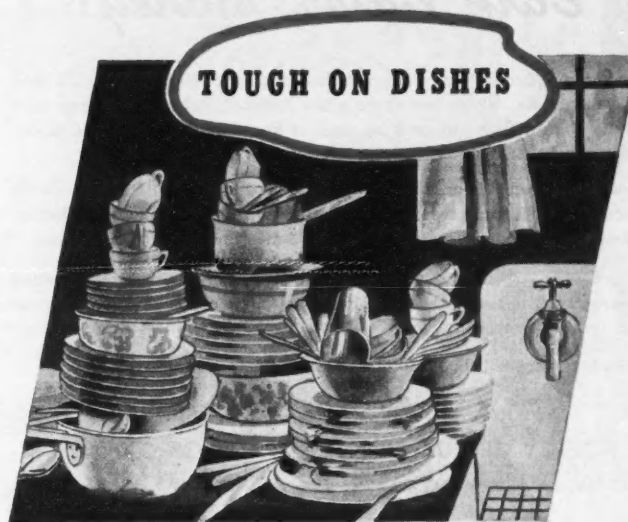
"High on a windy hill" we posed her—with a midsummer sky for backdrop, and a round-topped picket fence to lean on. That enormous saucer hat is a bit of Empire news; made by native craftsmen in the British West Indies, it's of coarse panama, hand-embroidered with gay strands of raffia. There's a bag to match.



Costume and accessories courtesy Robert Simpson Co. Ltd.



Beauty will multiply when the war clouds roll away. Endless new creations in all-Canadian Dinnerware are in the offing at Sovereign Potters. For example: only awaiting the dawn of peace is the daringly beautiful *Silhouette Series*—a glamorous pattern in such garden-table and breakfast-room colours as *arbor green*, *libya tan*, *onyx black*, *pixie rose*. Today Sovereign Potters' facilities are devoted entirely to making dishes for the army, the navy and the air-force. They go with our fighting men to the battle fronts of the world. But afterwards, plenty of Sovereign all-Canadian Dinnerware will be produced to meet all peacetime requirements. Conserve your present supply—save to buy after the war.



If you would avoid a common cause of breakage, don't pile your dishes several high. Most dishes are broken at the sink. Use every precaution to prevent damage. With proper care a set of good Dinnerware will last for the duration.



SOVEREIGN POTTERS
LIMITED
HAMILTON • CANADA

"Tell me, doctor..."



can I buy an antiseptic that I can depend upon to prevent infection but which won't hurt even a child?"

BECAUSE it is so effective, yet so pleasant to use, 'DETTOL' is an *all-purpose* antiseptic. Children do meet with so many accidents—modern mothers cope with the daily quota of cuts, abrasions and bites with 'DETTOL'. This new antiseptic kills germs, but is non-poisonous and so gentle to human tissue that it will not hurt or harm the skin. It is also used as a cleansing deodorant in the bath and as a gargle for sore throats.

'DETTOL' is especially appreciated by thousands of women for intimate personal uses, and when you buy 'DETTOL' for your home, you follow the lead of British doctors and British women who have been using it for years; moreover, leading Canadian hospitals are now using it in their surgical and maternity wards.

Try some 'DETTOL' in your bath. You'll like it.

'DETTOL' Offers you ALL These Qualities:



- A powerful anti-septic
- Does not sting like iodine
- Non-poisonous
- Non-staining
- Agreeable odour
- Concentrated—economical in use

YOUR DRUGGIST HAS

DETTOL

(TRADE MARK)

THE MODERN ANTISEPTIC

Reckitt & Colman (Canada) Limited, Pharmaceutical Dept., Montreal

HOME FRONT

Chatelaine's Ottawa correspondent brings you facts and forecasts concerning the business of wartime living

THE black market has come home to roost. Seems we've been all wrong in our early notions of what constitutes a black market. It isn't just something you read about in the papers—the large-scale bootlegging in gasoline or the finding of a truckload of illegally slaughtered meat. Ottawa isn't so much worried about that kind of black-marketeering because they know they can catch up with the operators and deal with them effectively. What's worrying Ottawa, and putting a handy supply of aspirin in many officials' top drawers, is the type of black market that thrives in a neighborly atmosphere—over the garden fence or in Mr. X's corner store.

It's time for plain speaking—in fact, "it is later than you think," as the old sundial motto says.

A black market cannot exist without the consent or patronage of the party-of-the-second-part: the consumer.

You are actively supporting the black market if you (1) receive rationed goods in excess of coupon value; (2) buy direct from the producer without giving coupons; (3) use ration books belonging to persons outside your household; (4) use invalid or ante-dated coupons; (5) exchange rationed goods with other consumers.

Remember: A ration coupon is a permit to purchase rationed goods if consumption of such goods is necessary to the holder of the coupon. It is *not* a right to demand and do as one pleases with such goods.

The gift of coffee or butter which Mrs. A. made to Miss B. is definitely not to be construed as an act of friendly generosity. Miss B., by accepting, is upsetting the whole rationing plan; she is getting more than her fair share of a scarce commodity. A small matter, you think, but multiply this little private deal by a thousand or a million women, and what do you get? Chaos!

Prediction: Some smart high-minded organization will be the first to inaugurate public bonfires of unused ration coupons. Perhaps community groups will offer war savings prizes for the greatest number of such coupons turned in for burning. Meantime, there's nothing to stop you from putting the value of that unwanted half-pound of coffee into a war savings stamp.

The WPTB wants Canadian housewives to use more sausages and hamburger and put less emphasis on roasts and pork tenderloin; hopes also that the women will insist on good quality in the ground meat they buy.

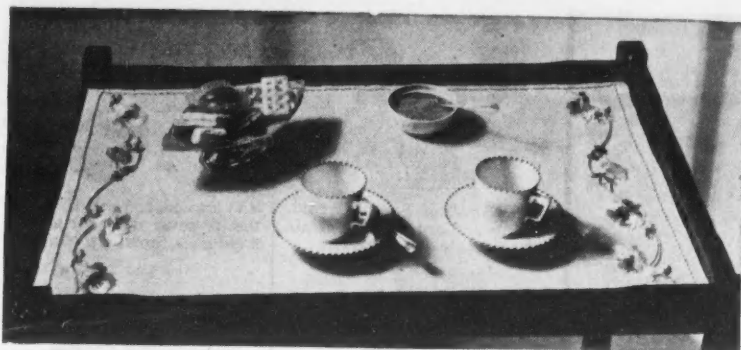
Item: Canada is expected to produce 2,230,000,000 pounds of meat in 1943, of which 40% must go to supply our armed forces and fill commitments to Britain.

Rubbers and goloshes are promised in good supply for winter. Utility styling and reduction in number of lines will make the rubber allotment go farther.

Laundries are in a tough spot, undermanned, and over-taxed with the great white wash that is essential for hospitals, nurses and other groups. Consumer Branch, WPTB, asks women to lighten the burden by doing their own bits and pieces, such as slips, brassieres, small linen items, at home.

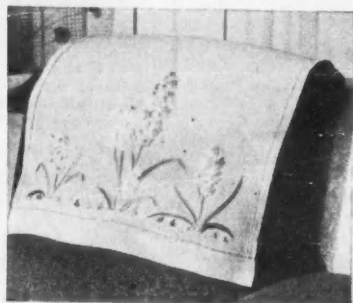
Cheering note: "For every empty shelf you see today," said an official, "just remember there's a blueprint in some manufacturer's front office which represents the better goods of tomorrow."

Stockings offer an example of this. Nylon, so highly esteemed of late, will be just one of a number of wonderful synthetic threads for post war hosiery of great sheerness and beauty. ♦



This anemone tray cloth will add a bright note to your breakfast tray, for the flowers are worked in natural anemone colors—brilliant purple and red with green and black centres. Stamped on finest Irish linen in white or cream, size 15 x 24 inches, 65 cents; cottons for working, 20 cents. Order No. C999.

Double purpose! Conserve upholstery and enhance your room with the hyacinth chair set in the photograph on the right (arm rests not shown). Hyacinths are in natural shades of pink and blue, and leaves are worked in rows of green chain stitch. On heavy Irish linen in cream or deepest ecru — 75 cents. Cottons for working, 30 cents, Order No. 4C.

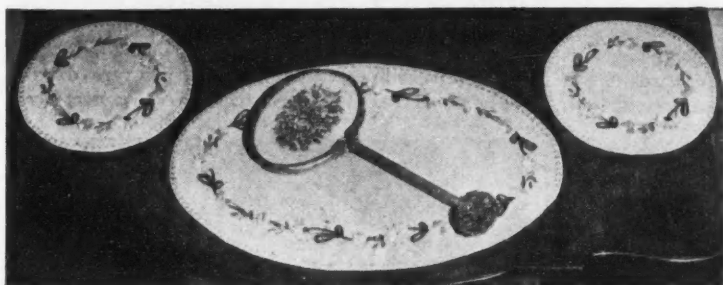


Needlecraft

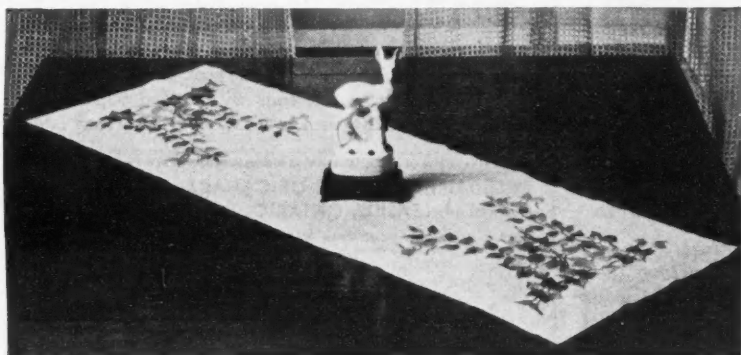
FOR THE HOME

By MARIE LE CERF

Order from Marie Le Cerf, Chatelaine, 481 University Ave., Toronto, enclosing postal note or money order. On out of town cheques add 15 cents for bank exchange.



Vanity set with matching runner — buttercups combined with pink and cherry flowers and pale green leaves. The novel little edge is very quickly worked. Stamped on finest cream or white Irish linen, the 3-piece vanity is 65 cents; the runner — about 14 x 36 inches—75 cents. Cottons for working either, 24 cents. Order No. 1C.



Clematis runner worked in natural colors — shades of mauve, purple and rose, with green and yellow centres. Stamped on heavy Irish linen in cream or ecru, size 14 x 36 inches — 85 cents; cottons for working, 30 cents. Order No. 5C.



"Room for two in there?"
"Yes—me and a Sweet Cap."

SWEET CAPORAL CIGARETTES

"The purest form in which tobacco can be smoked"



If you want the
WHITER
White



That "WHITER" White pigment in 2 IN 1 White Cleaner really makes your shoes look "like new." This creamy "lotion-type" cleaner spreads smoothly, covers thoroughly and keeps leather softer, longer wearing. Extra economical . . . because 2 IN 1 bottles hold more than most brands. Get 2 IN 1 now and use for all white shoes.



SHINOLA FLOOR WAX cleans and polishes hardwood floors, woodwork, linoleums, etc. Protects them from excessive wear and seals the surface against dirt and dampness. You'll be amazed that so fine a floor wax can be sold for so low a price. Order a tin today.

FALSE TEETH

were Untrue to Grandma Gray

BUT THE KIDS ALL LOVE HER NOW!

The kindness of Grandma Gray
Made kiddies all adore her.
No wonder she was hurt when they
Decided to ignore her.

The truth was that they could not stand
The odor nor the sight
Of Granny's FALSE TEETH;
though by hand,
She scrubbed them day and night.



"Use POLIDENT," her dentist said,
"Its action can't be beat.
"You neither scrub nor rub; instead
You soak plates clean and sweet!"

Since Granny has, the kiddies make
Her life serene and nice.

If you wear PLATES, you too should take
This POLIDENT advice.



Cleans, Purifies
Without Brushing
Do this every day: Add
a little POLIDENT
Powder to half a glass
of water. Stir. Put in
plate or bridge 10 to
15 minutes. Rinse, and
it's ready to use.



CLEAN PLATES, BRIDGES WITH
POLIDENT
ALL DRUG STORES, ONLY 40¢

Women HERE'S YOUR OPPORTUNITY TO Earn Extra Money!

Here's a wonderful opportunity that every ambitious woman should read—then act upon. If you can spare a few hours daily or weekly from your regular duties, then you will be glad to know that you can INCREASE YOUR INCOME.

Hundreds of women of all ages, and in most walks of life, are acting as our community representatives servicing new and renewal subscriptions for ALL leading Canadian, United States and British publications.

No previous experience required, no regular canvassing. Not a penny of investment is needed — all equipment supplied free! Earnings start with your first order.

Write today for full details — there is no obligation.

Women's Division,
FIDELITY CIRCULATION COMPANY OF CANADA,
210 Dundas Street West, Toronto, Ont.



Ontario Ladies' College

FOUNDED 1874 WHITBY, ONTARIO
A Residential School for Girls,
near Toronto

Public School to Honour Matriculation,
Music, Art and Handicrafts, Household
Science, Secretarial Courses, and Dra-
matics. Ideally situated in one hundred
acres of grounds. Swimming Pool and
Gymnasium. Physical Education and
Riding under resident Mistresses. 1872

School re-opens Sept. 14th. Calendar on Request
REV. C. R. CARSCALLEN, M.A., D.D., Principal

too, that life is not long enough for two people who love each other to show their love in countless small tender ways.

"Dear God," she prayed, "Don't let this be the end. Give me more time . . . There isn't anything I won't do . . ."

The air was full of the drumming of planes. Sara pulled herself heavily away from the phone and went to the door of the living room.

"We've got to go down to the cellar—" she said. And then, "Oh, look!"

The room was all at once red with the glare reflected from the sky. The bright face of danger! Sara stood in the doorway, and it seemed to her in that unreal moment, that the two people standing there in her living room in the strange light were like actors on a stage—completely unrelated to her. Indeed they seemed to have forgotten all about her. They were conscious only of each other, and Sara saw, with this new acuteness, that the thoughts she had had out there by the telephone were reflected now in Alan's face.

You are my wife, he seemed to be saying to Ellen. We've lived together, loved together. You bore my child. We went down into the shadow of death together—that night in the hospital . . . What in heaven's name are we quarrelling about now? What does anything matter but that we are alive together and have another chance to work it out—to be kind to each other . . .

She saw him walk slowly across the brightly lighted room, take Ellen's hand in his.

"Don't be frightened, dear," he said in a quite new voice. "Take it easy."

Ellen looked up at him. She must

have seen something in his eyes that had not been there before, for Sara saw that her face was suddenly illuminated by the loveliest smile.

"I'm not afraid, my darling—not a bit," she said. And then she laid his hand softly against her cheek.

HOURS AFTER, Sara sat in the window of her bedroom. The sky was still faintly red where an occasional tongue of flame shot up, but Sara could smile at that now. She smiled into the darkness as she thought of the relief in the air warden's voice when he had called her back.

"Just a couple of factories blowing up, Mrs. Sedgwick," he had announced cheerfully. "They had some vats of alcohol stored down there—that was what those explosions were." He had laughed heartily. "Sure did think they were bombs! But so did the Air Force. Those were our planes you heard drumming about . . . Well, maybe it'll be a real bomb next time," he finished hopefully as he hung up the receiver.

Sara smiled again. Then after a little she got up and went over to the mantel. In the dim light Peter's face looked out at her steadily from its silver frame.

"So I was right all the time," she said softly. "The fire was there under the ashes . . . It only needed the right spark to set it flaming again." She traced Peter's nose and mouth with her fingertip against the glass. "You can't break up a real marriage so easily after all." She laughed softly. "All Alan needed was an air-raid siren to wake him up . . ."

She leaned forward and kissed the pictured face. Then she went over and got into bed. In a minute she was asleep, still smiling contentedly. ♦

Textbook for Living :: Continued from page 35

may well stand as an expression of the problem as it is seen by those who lead us in our national life. "I would like to add," said Her Majesty, "with my fullest conviction that it is on the strength of our spiritual life that the right rebuilding of our national life depends." Lord Elton, in a challenge to set our own house in order lest we be unable to meet the exacting demands of peace, said, "We have no right to hope for survival unless we are worthy to survive. If we survive we must be the chief architects of the new world. Who, recognizing this, can help reflecting upon our qualities and their defects in the light of this most searching test?"

These stirrings within the deep recesses of our nature have turned our thoughts to the fundamental and unchanging laws of life and have driven us of necessity to the one divine revelation. If as a result of this war we have learned the lesson of the inadequacy of things temporal and the eternal values of things spiritual, and if in the Bible a bewildered world finds the voice of God then the terrible price we must pay for peace will not have been paid in vain.

There will have been welded that new fellowship without which true peace is impossible.

Perhaps nowhere throughout the Empire can this unifying power of religion be used with greater effect than in Canada. It is the common heritage of the two great national elements within the Dominion. Only in Holy Scripture can we hope to find that power which can make Canada truly united and truly great. Rather than seeking to solve those problems which separate us, we might well try the experiment which has been tried in England or emphasizing those spiritual things we have in common. With this approach to Canadian unity we might be surprised to find how much of true value in religion is common to us all, and in the Bible find that rallying point which could draw us together in our common allegiance to God, and supply divine guidance for the solution of our common tasks. Such a return to religion as a potent power in national life would not only provide direction for our effort, but would give new meaning to the sacrifice we are called upon to make. ♦



HOLD ON!

Remember: it's the long pull, the strong pull, and the pull all together that's going to win this war. The money you've put on active service will be needed for the duration. Hold onto your war savings certificates and Victory bonds!

Victory Vegetables

HOUSEKEEPING
A Department of Home Management

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

Eat Them Often. You can have too much of some good things but not vegetables. With them, it's the more the merrier, so make sure of at least three servings a day all round—potato and two other varieties. Eat any and every kind, but keep the green and yellow to the fore. They're chockful of vitamins and are no meanies when it comes to adding minerals to the meal. Did you know that parsley is an important supplier of Vitamin A...that broccoli, carrots, cabbage and leafy greens are crackerjacks too...that raw green peppers in their season take the cake for Vitamin C richness, but that tomatoes are among the best year-round contributors and potatoes a dependable and economical source?

Serve a variety of vegetables in a variety of ways—not the same old thing yesterday, today and forever. In the hands of a good cook their brilliant color enlivens the plate and their refreshing flavor sharpens the appetite.

Catch Them Fresh

The fresher the better from the two standpoints of food value and flavor. Lucky you who can step from porch to garden, pluck your own and start them in their prime on their way to the table. That's vegetables at their best—reward for shooing off crows and winning the battle of the weeds.

If you buy the fruits of somebody else's labor, choose locally grown products as far as you can in the interests of this desirable quality. When you get them to your kitchen, preserve their freshness by storing promptly in a cool kindly atmosphere. Wash greens, carrots, beans and all varieties not wrapped up in their own coats. Then put them, covered and uncut, in the refrigerator until time to cook or prepare for serving.

Laying in a week's supply or more is all very well if you have a proper place to keep them; if not, it's better to buy in small lots often, especially the more perishable varieties.

Eat Them Raw

If you haven't been eating salads, you'd better turn over a new leaf. Turn over enough of them to fill your bowl with crispness—one, two or half a dozen kinds lightly tossed together and touched up with French dressing. Add sliced radishes, tiny cauliflowerettes, broccoli buds, grated turnip for color and crunch. Try shredded cabbage, grated carrot, minced onion, chopped chives or scallions with tomatoes or any other brilliant vegetable you happen to have on hand. Grate tender new beets, add a little orange or lemon, and pile in lettuce cups.

For variety fill the relish tray with a harmonizing assortment — carrot sticks, turnip slivers, pepper rings, tomato slices, celery stalks, cauliflowers in miniature, cucumber fingers, whole radishes, green onions and whatever.

Bring your vegetables crisp and cool from your refrigerator, cut up leaves and give the final preparation to others at the last minute. If you're too beforehand in the matter, Vitamin C will escape through all those cut surfaces. So time isn't on your side.

Cook Them Properly

Peeling vegetables and letting them soak in water is "out," because such treatment robs them of minerals and vitamins. Scrub and cook them in their jackets or peel, if peel you must, just before they go in the pot, where a little salted boiling water is waiting for

them. Cover closely to get the cooking under way at once and to cut down the time required for the process. Covering saves vitamins too, so don't go lifting the lid and poking or stirring the vegetables.

Don't add soda to greens or any other variety; it's sudden death to vitamins. And don't overcook unless you desire the ruination of texture, color and nourishment. As soon as they're tender, they're done.

Unless you're in an awful hurry, leave vegetables whole or cut in large pieces for cooking.

The best way to cook a potato is to bake it, and boiling in its jacket is the next runner-up. Other vegetables respond to these treatments too; try carrots or beets or other roots placed in a covered casserole with a very little water and oven-cooked.

Serve Them Promptly

The shorter the time from the pot to the table, the richer in food value your vegetables will be. Vitamins are impatient fellows and go up in the air if they have to wait about for serving. Save the steam and you save the nourishment.

For this reason it's better to cook only as much as you need for the meal; leftovers haven't a great deal to offer in the way of vitamins. If you do have leftovers, store them, covered, in the refrigerator and use them up promptly.

Onion Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Line a pie plate with flaky pastry and fill with layers of thinly sliced, peeled mild onions, piling them + *Continued on next page*



Lucky the lady who steps to her garden and reaps what she has sown. The fresher the vegetables the higher the vitamins and finer the flavor.

Save food, flavor, money too!

FRIGIDAIRE

gives these timely suggestions to help you fight food waste

Before the war only your pocketbook suffered if you tossed away a withered vegetable, a dry chop, or a dab of leftover cooked food. But now food waste also hurts the nation's war effort and robs the family table!

No one wastes food deliberately. But losses do occur! Sometimes through improper food storage. Or failure to use every drop and crumb. Knowing the best ways to use your refrigerator helps you minimize waste, save precious coupons. Check the food-saving ideas on this page. You're an unusual woman if you know them all!



Fresh Meat if not to be frozen, keeps best in meat or defrosting tray. Cover lightly with waxed paper. Leave ends open for free air circulation. Do not cut or chop meat until cooking time — keeps better in the piece. Wrap and freeze ground and variety meats if not to be used day of purchase.



Soft Fruits and Berries should be sorted, spread out on shallow pan or plate, then refrigerated. Do not cover, for cold, dry air is needed to guard against mold. Handle carefully, any break in skin hastens spoilage. Never wash berries until just before using — mold loves moisture.



FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED
Leaside, Ontario

Peacetime Builders of Household Refrigerators, Electric Ranges, Commercial Refrigeration, Air Conditioners



SAVE ends of cheese near rind. Grate and store in covered jars for use in casserole dishes.



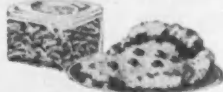
SAVE uncooked egg whites in tightly covered jar for use in meringues, frostings, etc.



SAVE fat drippings for home use or fat salvage. Refrigerate bacon grease or drippings.



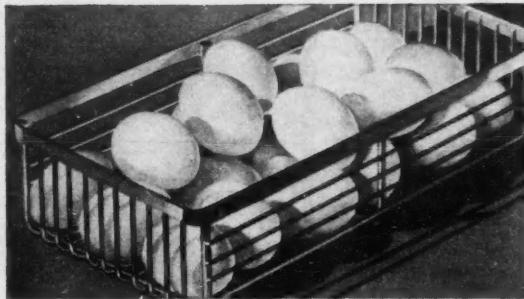
SAVE unused vegetable juices for soups, etc. — fruit juices and syrups for desserts, drinks.



SAVE the vitamin values of leftover vegetables by using them uncooked in salads.



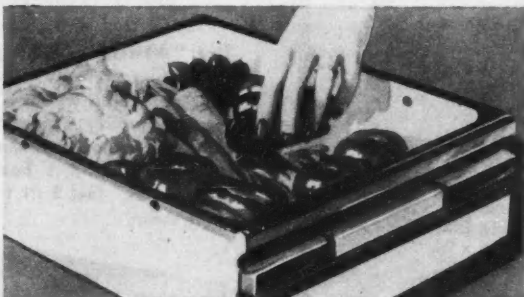
SAVE the good in leftover cooked meat by storing in a covered dish. Prevents drying.



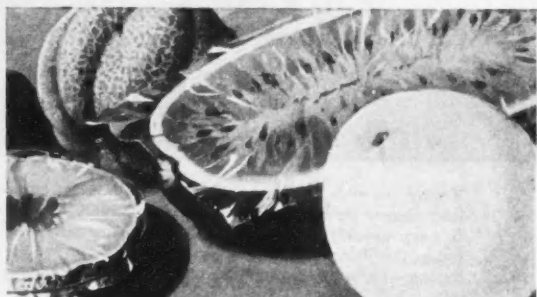
Eggs left at room temperature for 3 days lose as much freshness as in 2 months in refrigerator! Never wash eggs before storing, it destroys a protective film that guards freshness. Cool milk and egg dishes like custards in pan of ice water, then cover and refrigerate until serving time.



Milk should never be left in sunlight or at room temperature. Refrigerate immediately, continuously. Never pour milk or cream back in bottle. CHEESE should be wrapped in waxed paper to prevent drying. Keep soft types covered, use promptly. BUTTER needs tight cover to protect flavor.



Fresh Vegetables lose their vitamin content rapidly at room temperature. Wash and drain them immediately after marketing and store in covered container in refrigerator. Pile them loosely to prevent bruising, quick spoiling. Save usable trimmed outer leaves for use in soups.



Melons when ripe, need refrigeration. Until then, keep them dry to prevent mold — at room temperature to improve taste and texture. Handle gently to avoid bruises. When chilling, cover cut ends with waxed paper. Wrap cantaloupes well to guard other foods from strong odors.

FREE! Get WARTIME SUGGESTIONS

This valuable 36-page booklet tells many other ways to combat food waste, gives many timely tips on refrigerator care. Get your free copy now from your Frigidaire dealer or mail the coupon.

FRIGIDAIRE PRODUCTS OF CANADA, LIMITED
Dept. C44, LEASIDE, ONTARIO.
Please send me your free WARTIME SUGGESTIONS

Name.....

Address.....

City.....

Prov.....

Force enough cooked carrots through a sieve to make one cupful. Add the spices, salt, egg yolks, condensed milk and melted butter. When thoroughly blended, fold in the stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn this mixture into an unbaked pie shell and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 35 to 40 minutes or until the filling is firm and the crust nicely browned.

Cheese Marrow Rings

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Small vegetable marrow
- 1 Tablespoonful of flour
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cooking oil
- 1 Cupful of milk or ½ cupful of canned evaporated milk and ½ cupful of water
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of grated nippy cheese
- Salt and pepper

Cut the marrow in one-inch slices, peel and remove the seeds. Cook in boiling salted water only until tender, drain and place in a greased baking dish. Make a sauce by blending the

flour with the cooking oil, gradually adding the milk and cooking until thickened, stirring constantly. Add one tablespoonful of the cheese, stir until melted, and half fill the marrow rings with the sauce. Sprinkle the remaining tablespoonful of cheese over the top. Bake in a slow oven—300 deg. Fahr.—until the centres are lightly browned.

Potatoes Parisienne

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 3 Cupfuls of hot mashed potatoes
- Cream or rich milk
- About 3 Tablespoonfuls of chopped chives
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- 1 Teaspoonful of powdered sugar
- Salt and pepper

Peel potatoes thinly and cook, covered in boiling salted water until tender. Drain and mash. To three cupfuls add enough cream or rich milk to moisten. Season with the chives, lemon juice, sugar, salt and pepper. Pile in a serving dish and sprinkle with paprika. +



Cold Plates

COLD PLATES are hot stuff. Grand for serving on the porch, in the garden, or under the awning anywhere. Good in the dining room too—for that matter.

Ring in temperature variation at the beginning or end of the meal—with soup, dessert or beverage. Or offset a cool number by a batch of biscuits or muffins direct from the oven.

1. Cold lamb and tongue, cabbage and spinach slaw, radishes, mustard pickles or mint jelly.

2. Devilled eggs (mix yolks with salad dressing and chopped meat or fish, chives, green pepper or radishes), tomato and cucumber slices arranged alternately, carrot fingers.

3. Jellyed pork hocks, beet, cauliflower and lettuce salad, watercress sandwiches on whole-wheat bread.

4. Chilled fresh salmon on lettuce, cucumbers in sour cream, potato salad, gherkins.

5. Egg halves or slices in tomato jelly, cottage cheese and parsley mounds, brown rolls stuffed with cabbage slaw.

6. Triple decker sandwiches (bologna, mild onions, tomatoes), dill pickles, celery curls.

7. Corned beef and head cheese, jellyed horse-radish, macaroni salad, grated carrot, lettuce.

8. Sardines or pilchards with lemon, peas and celery salad, pickled beet slices, lettuce.

9. Chicken noodle salad with celery and green pepper, tomatoes, cucumbers.

10. Jellyed veal and rice molds, currant jelly, mixed vegetable salad on nasturtium leaves.

11. Tomatoes stuffed with cottage cheese, chilled green beans in French dressing, green onions, radishes.

12. Sliced beef liver loaf, spinach and lettuce salad with sour cream and chopped hand-cooked egg dressing, tomato wedges.

13. Jellyed vegetable molds, cheese and parsley sandwiches (triple decker ribbons with brown and white bread), sliced tomatoes.

14. Salami or assorted cold meats, hot lettuce slaw (diced crisp bacon and hot vinegar poured over shredded lettuce), potato and cucumber salad.

Luncheon Fruit Salad Plates

1. Pear, cheese and raisin salad, cantaloupe slices, lettuce, fruit dressing, orange bread.

2. Peach halves filled with cream cheese—blueberry garnish, orange and grapefruit sections, lettuce, sweet cherries.

3. Assorted sandwiches, mint jelly, apple and celery salad in melon rings, watercress garnish. +

A LITTLE BEEF.....A LOT OF SATISFACTION!

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able. Ask your grocer today for Magic Baking Powder... the choice of leading cookery experts, the favorite of 3 out of 4 Canadian women.

MAGIC BEEF LOAF

- | | |
|--------------------------|--------------------------|
| 1 lb. chopped raw beef | ½ green pepper |
| 1 cup grated raw carrots | 1 small onion, sliced |
| 1 cup soft bread crumbs | ¼ cup water |
| 1 egg | 1 tbsp. lemon juice |
| 2 tbsps. fat | Salt and pepper to taste |

Saute green pepper and onion in hot fat. Add meat and seasonings. Brown slightly and let stand while you make Magic Biscuit Dough... as follows:—

- | | |
|------------------------------|-------------------------|
| 3 cups flour | 6 tbsps. shortening |
| 2 tbsps. Magic Baking Powder | 1½ cups milk |
| ¼ tsp. salt | ¼ tsp. powdered mustard |

Sift together flour, baking powder, mustard and salt; add shortening and cut in thoroughly with a fork. Add milk gradually to make a soft dough. Line a greased loaf pan with the dough (reserving enough to make topping) and fill with the meat mixture. Top with remaining dough, bringing edges well together, and bake in hot oven 30 minutes, or until a golden brown. Left-over gravy, if you have any, is a good addition.





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Mix gradually with COLD water to the consistency of very thick cream, stirring well and breaking up the lumps. Simple! Easy! Delicious!



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FULL-STRENGTH MUSTARD SEED

carefully so that the pie will be well filled. Beat one egg, add one tablespoonful of milk or water and pour over the top of the onions. Season to taste with salt and pepper and cover with rolled flaky pastry. Seal the edges by crimping and bake in a hot oven—450 deg. Fahr.—for ten minutes. Then reduce the temperature and continue cooking at 350 deg. Fahr. until the pastry is nicely browned and the onions tender.

Beets With Mustard Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Teaspoonfuls of mustard
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of sugar
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- 3 Teaspoonfuls of flour
- 1/16 Teaspoonful of powdered cloves
- ¾ Cupful of water
- ¼ Cupful of vinegar
- 2 Egg yolks, slightly beaten
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cooking oil

Mix the mustard, sugar, salt, flour and cloves in the top part of a double boiler. Add the water, vinegar, and egg yolks. Blend well and cook over hot water until thick, stirring to prevent lumping. Add the cooking oil, and pour over the beets. Makes one cupful of sauce.

Polish Cucumbers

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 12 Small cucumbers or 3 large ones, cut in pieces
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of cooking oil
- 3 Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1½ Cupfuls of milk or ¾ cupful of canned evaporated milk and ¾ cupful of water
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- Pepper
- ½ Cupful of grated cheese
- ½ Cupful of dried bread crumbs

Steam or simmer the cucumbers in a little salted water. Arrange in a baking dish and pour over them a white sauce made with the cooking oil, flour, milk and seasonings. Cover with cheese, then the crumbs, and dot with bits of butter. Reheat in a moderate oven.

Wax Beans—Lyonnaise

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Pound of wax beans
- 1 Tablespoonful of bacon fat, butter or dripping
- 2 to 3 Tablespoonfuls of minced onion
- Salt and pepper

Wash and string the beans and cut in strips. Cook in boiling water until tender and drain. Melt the fat, add the minced onion and cook until lightly browned. Add the beans, mix, season to taste, heat thoroughly and serve.

Cabbage With Sour Cream—Parsley Sauce

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Medium cabbage
- 1½ Tablespoonfuls of flour
- 1 Cupful of thick sour cream
- 2 Teaspoonfuls of vinegar
- ½ Teaspoonful of sugar
- ½-¾ Teaspoonful of salt
- ½ Teaspoonful of pepper
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of chopped parsley

Cut the cabbage into wedge-shaped pieces and cook until tender in boiling salted water. Drain well. Combine the flour and sour cream in a saucepan, add

the vinegar, sugar and seasonings and cook, stirring constantly until thickened. Add the parsley, pour over the cabbage and serve at once. Six servings.

Baked Tomatoes With Creole Rice Stuffing

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 6 Tomatoes
- ½ Tablespoonful of cooking oil
- ½ Tablespoonful of chopped onion
- ½ Cupful of hot cooked rice
- ½ Teaspoonful of salt
- ¼ Teaspoonful of pepper

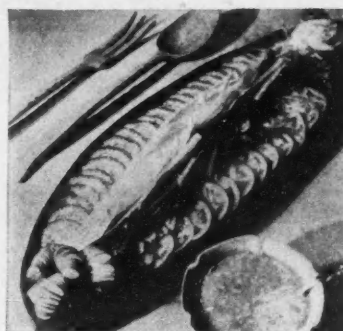
Wash the tomatoes, remove the stem end and scoop out, the pulp leaving the shell unbroken. Cook the onion in the oil until tender. Add the rice seasoned with salt and pepper and the pulp from the tomato and mix well. Fill the tomatoes with this mixture, place in a greased baking dish and bake in a moderate oven—350 deg. Fahr.—for 30 minutes or until the tomato is tender. Six servings.

Boiled Swiss Chard

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

Use young tender Swiss chard. Wash thoroughly. Little or no water need be added in cooking, the water that clings to the leaves is usually enough. Cover until the chard begins to boil, then cook uncovered until tender—10 to 15 minutes. There should be almost no liquid remaining. Drain if necessary. Chop finely, season with salt, pepper, and a little cooking oil.

Older chard. Cut the white stalks into one-inch pieces, cook in water until tender. Chop and add to the leaves which have been cooked as above, or serve separately with a white sauce.



Green Salad

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

On a relish tray arrange sliced tomatoes, and thinly sliced cucumbers (unpeeled and scored with a fork before slicing). Cut radishes in thin slices but do not separate the slices. Group the radishes at one end of the tray. Garnish with green onions and leaves of crisp lettuce, curly endive or other seasonable greens. Serve with French dressing.

Carrot Pie

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Cupful of cooked sieved carrots
- ¼ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- ¼ Teaspoonful of nutmeg
- ¼ Teaspoonful of salt
- 2 Egg yolks
- 1 Can of sweetened condensed milk (1½ cupfuls)
- 1 Tablespoonful of melted butter
- 2 Egg whites
- Unbaked pie crust

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MEALS OF THE MONTH

BREAKFAST	LUNCHEON or SUPPER	DINNER
1. (Sunday) Blueberries Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Scrambled Eggs with Fried Tomatoes Brown Toast Ice Cream Tea Cookies Cocoa	Sausage Pinwheel Mashed Potatoes Wax Beans Cantaloupe Ring with Raspberries Coffee Tea
2. Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Chicken-Noodle Soup Tomato and Cottage Cheese Salad Hot Biscuits Fruit Punch or Chocolate Milk Honey Tea	Rack of Lamb Mint Jelly Baked Potatoes Swiss Chard Chilled Lemon Blancmange Coffee Tea
3. Sugared Cherries Bread and Milk Toasted Biscuits Coffee Jelly Tea	Savory Omelet Sliced Tomatoes Stewed Currants Oatmeal Drop Cookies Tea Cocoa	Boiled Spiced Tongue Potatoes (Cooked in Their Jackets) Steamed Summer Squash Green Apple Sauce Gingerbread Coffee Tea
4. Chilled Watermelon Cereal Broiled Kidneys Coffee Toast Tea	Toasted Cheese and Tomato Sandwiches Pickles Berries and Cream Wafers Tea Cocoa	Cream of Celery Soup Cold Lamb and Tongue Baked Potatoes Onion Pie Chilled Rice Mold Cherry Sauce Coffee Tea
5. Orange Juice Buckwheat Griddle Cakes Coffee Syrup Tea	Baked Beans (pre-cooked) Lettuce Salad Relish Sliced Peaches Cinnamon Buns Tea Cocoa	Stuffed Spare Ribs Parsley Potatoes Creamed Celery Blueberry Cup Cakes Ice Cream Coffee Tea
6. Prepared Cereal with Fresh Berries Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Fresh Spinach with Poached Eggs Sliced Cucumber and Onion Vanilla Rennet Custard Chilled Fruit Drink	Baked Lake Trout Browned Potato Cakes Stewed Tomatoes Deep Plum Pie Coffee Tea
7. Chilled Tomato Juice Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Honey Tea	Frankfurters Hot Potato Salad Blueberries and Cream Doughnuts Tea Cocoa	Veal Stew with Potatoes and Carrots Green Salad Bowl Cornstarch Pudding Coffee Tea
8. (Sunday) Cantaloupe Cereal Poached Eggs Toast Coffee Tea	Tomato Cocktail Assorted Sandwiches Pickles Ice Cream Tea Radishes Cake Cocoa	Cream of Potato Soup Cold Plate (Jellied Chicken Molds, Beet and Celery Salad, Carrot Fingers) Cherry Tarts Coffee Tea
9. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Liver and Onions Head Lettuce Russian Dressing Chocolate Rennet Custard Tea Cocoa	Finnan Haddie (Boiled in Milk) Baked Potatoes Parsley Potatoes Plum Crisp Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
10. Sliced Oranges French Toast and Syrup Coffee Tea	Cream of Corn Soup Mixed Vegetable Salad Wheat Germ Muffins Tea Cocoa Jam	Mock Duck Boiled Potatoes Cabbage with Sour Cream Parsley Sauce Grape Juice Tapioca Coffee Tea
11. Fresh Blueberries Grilled Small Fish Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Cauliflower on Toast with Cheese Sauce Fruit Cup Bran Muffins Tea Cocoa	Clear Tomato Soup Cold Sliced Meats Mustard Lyonnaise Potatoes Harvard Beets Lime Mint Ring Coffee Tea
12. Half Grapefruit Cereal Bran Muffins Coffee Jelly Tea	Baked Stuffed Tomatoes Watercress Vanilla Cup Custards Tea Cocoa Radishes	Breaded Tongue Mashed Potatoes Chilled Cantaloupe Cake Coffee Tea Corn
13. Tomato Juice Scrambled Eggs Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Fish and Chips Chili Sauce Fresh Pear, Celery and Cottage Cheese Salad Tea Cocoa	Clam Chowder Savory Rice Spinach Molds and Sliced Egg Minted Carrots Black Currant Kolypoly Coffee Tea Wax Beans
14. Orange Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Marmalade Tea	Tongue in Tomato Jelly Coleslaw with Green Peppers Johnny Cake Iced Grape Juice Syrup Tea	Individual Meat Pies Boiled Potatoes Vegetable Marrow Spanish Cream with Fresh Fruit Coffee Tea
15. Cantaloupe Plain Omelet Toast Coffee Conserve Tea	Fruits in Ginger Ale Jelly on Lettuce Fruit Dressing Hot Graham Rolls Crackers and Cheese Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Hot Baked Ham Butt Baked Potatoes Green Beans Mustard Relish Blueberry Shortcake Iced Tea or Coffee
16. Orange Juice Cereal Toasted Rolls Coffee Jelly Tea	Onion Soup Cucumber and Tomato Salad Baked Apples Gingersnaps Tea Cocoa	Sliced Cold Ham Butt Scalloped Potatoes Braised Celery Cottage Pudding Fruit Sauce Coffee Tea
17. Stewed Apples Soft-cooked Eggs Brown Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Creamed Minced Beef and Peas on Toast Cantaloupe Tea Cocoa	Tomato Cocktail Boiled Shoulder of Lamb Baked Potatoes Beans Lyonnaise Lemon Snow Coffee Tea
18. Orange Halves Cereal Toast Coffee Stewed Fruit Tea	Cream of Potato Soup Prune Cheese and Peach Salad Raisin Scones Tea Cocoa	Casserole of Lamb and Macaroni Beet Greens Fresh Tomatoes Cherry Pie Coffee Tea
19. BREAKFAST Prune Juice and Lemon Cereal with Added Wheat Germ Toasted Scones Coffee Marmalade Tea	LUNCHEON or SUPPER Fresh Corn on the Cob Sliced Tomatoes and Lettuce Stewed Plums Cookies Tea Cocoa	DINNER Lamb Broth with Vegetables Fried Heart Creamed Potatoes Buttered Beets Blancmange with Jelly Coffee Tea
20. Chilled Melon Cereal Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Devised Egg Salad with Sardines Brown Rolls Diced Pears and Orange Spice Cake Tea Cocoa	Oven-fried White Fish Tartare Sauce Potatoes Parisienne Green Peas Fresh Plum Pudding Coffee Tea
21. Half Grapefruit Cereal Toasted Brown Rolls Fresh or Stewed Fruit Coffee Tea	Baked Peppers Stuffed with Rice and Cheese Berries Cake Tea Cocoa	Boiled Pork Hock Boiled Potatoes Swiss Chard Sliced Orange Custard Coffee Tea
22. (Sunday) Fresh Peaches Cornmeal Waffles Syrup Coffee Tea	Crabmeat Salad Hot Finger Rolls Lemon Tarts Fruit Punch or Iced Milk Drink	Short Ribs of Beef Horseradish Mashed Potatoes Creamed Cauliflower Ice Cream with Fresh Fruit Coffee Tea
23. Orange Juice Cereal Soft-cooked Eggs Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cheese Toast and Bologna Dill Pickles Radishes Chilled Watermelon Tea Cocoa	Consommé Cold Roast Beef Baked Potatoes Scalloped Onions Peach Pie Coffee Tea
24. Berries Cereal Toast Coffee Honey Tea	Casserole of Corn, Onion and Tomato Brown Bread and Butter Fruit Salad Tea Cocoa	Liver Loaf Parsley Potatoes Steamed Vegetable Marrow Creamy Rice Pudding Iced Tea with Lemon
25. Sliced Oranges Fish Cakes Tomato Sauce Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Curried Kidneys Rice Croquettes Ice Cream Fruit Sauce Icebox Cookies Tea Cocoa	Meat Soup with Barley Carrot Ring with Green Beans Baked Potatoes Sautéed Eggplant Blackberry Cornstarch Cream Coffee Tea
26. Stewed Fresh Plums Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Canned Pilchard with Lemon on Lettuce Fresh Gingerbread with Cream Cheese Tea Cocoa	Grilled Sausages Mashed Potatoes Brussels Sprouts Orange Jelly Custard Sauce Coffee Tea
27. Grape Juice Poached Eggs on Brown Toast Coffee Tea	Cream of Celery Soup Cabbage, Raisin and Carrot Salad Apple Sauce Gingerbread (from Thursday) Tea Cocoa	Tomato Juice Pan-broiled Fresh Herring Potato Cakes Sliced Cucumber and Onion Plum Whip Icebox Cookies Coffee Tea
28. Apple Sauce (from Friday) Cereal Biscuits Coffee Syrup Tea	Corn on the Cob Cottage Cheese Stuffed Tomatoes Watercress Peaches and Cream Tea Cocoa	Veal Birds Baked Potatoes Green Beans Berry Cobbler Coffee Tea
29. (Sunday) Melon Creamy Eggs on Toast Muffins Coffee Marmalade Tea	Jellied Vegetable Molds Potato and Cucumber Salad Chocolate Blancmange Tea Cocoa	Mixed Grill (Shoulder Lamb Chops, Sweetbreads, Grilled Tomatoes) Noodles Succotash Fruit Cup Layer Cake Iced Coffee
30. Tomato Juice Cereal Toast Coffee Jam Tea	Vegetable and Spaghetti Casserole Stewed Plums Cake Chocolate Milk Drink	Meat Loaf Scalloped Potatoes Baked Squash Plum Bread Pudding Coffee Tea
31. Orange Halves Grilled Small Fish Toast Coffee Jelly Tea	Cold Meat Loaf Green Salad Bowl Wheat Germ Muffins Fruit Trifle Tea Cocoa	Bean Soup Crown Roast of Wienera Mashed Potatoes Boiled Cabbage Baked Pears Coffee Tea



Fruits of the good earth offer wonderful dividends in tangy flavor. You can serve them Nature's way or do some special fixing

By M. LOIS CLIPSHAM

Pull Out a Plum

COME AUGUST and Nature's lavish lap is brimming over with the luscious fruits of the earth. As the berry season wanes, plums are fully ripened and ready to bring their tart refreshing flavor to dog-day meals. Though you may sigh when you think of the hole they'll make in your weekly sugar ration, tax it to the limit—they're worth it!

Many varieties are sweet enough to sink your teeth in as they come fresh-picked from your own trees or from the market. They're grand carriers in the lunch box or picnic basket, as well as a boon to the cook. A bowl piled high with plums brings beauty to the table and provides the very accompaniment to

Plum Whip

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Tablespoonful of plain un-flavored gelatine
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of cold water
- $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of plum juice
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Cupful of sugar
- $\frac{1}{8}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 1 Cupful of cooked plum pulp
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{4}$ Teaspoonful of cinnamon
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of lemon juice
- 2 Egg whites, beaten stiffly

Soak the gelatine in the cold water for five minutes. Add it to the hot plum juice, sugar and salt and stir until dissolved. Add the plums which have been



Serve them raw, or stewed, or in a special dessert.

crackers and cheese for dessert. Here's one place where a threesome doesn't make a crowd.

Use all varieties—green, yellow, red and blue. Any of these are good simmered gently with just enough sugar to take the "edge" off. For variety, stir in a little lemon juice or grated rind.

Pull out a plum from your bag of tricks and use it as the starting point of many other delicious desserts. "Oh what a good cook am I!" you'll say to yourself.

Plum Crisp Pudding

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of stoned plums, cut in pieces
- Sugar
- 2 Cupfuls of corn flakes
- 2 Tablespoonfuls of butter
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Tablespoonful of lemon juice

Add just enough water to the prepared plums to keep them from burning, cook until tender, and add sugar to sweeten. Place a layer of corn flakes in the bottom of a greased baking dish, cover with one half of the stewed plums, dot with one third of the butter and sprinkle with the lemon juice. Repeat, covering the top with the remaining corn flakes, and dot with the remaining butter. Bake for one-half hour in a moderate oven—375 deg. Fahr.—and serve warm or well chilled, plain or with cream.

put through a sieve and mixed with the brown sugar, cinnamon and lemon juice. Chill until partly thickened, then fold in the beaten egg whites. Pour into a mold, chill until firm, then unmold and serve with custard sauce or cream. Five to six servings.

Ripe Plum Roll

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 2 Cupfuls of sifted flour
- 4 Teaspoonfuls of baking powder
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of salt
- 4 Tablespoonfuls of shortening
- About $\frac{3}{4}$ Cupful of milk or $\frac{3}{8}$ cupful of canned evaporated milk and $\frac{3}{8}$ cupful of water
- 2 Cupfuls of halved, stoned plums, stewed and sweetened
- 1 Teaspoonful of lemon juice
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Cupful of brown sugar
- $\frac{1}{2}$ Teaspoonful of cinnamon

Measure the sifted flour and sift again with the baking powder and salt. Cut in the shortening and add milk to make a soft dough that can be handled. Roll on a lightly floured board to one half inch thickness and rectangular shape. Over this spread the plums which have been drained, sprinkle with the lemon juice, brown sugar and cinnamon and roll up like a jelly roll. Bake in greased pan in a moderately hot oven, 375-400 deg. Fahr., for about one-half hour. Serve hot with plum sauce made with the juice. Six servings. +



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THE EPIC OF MALTA

FOREWORD BY THE RT. HON WINSTON S. CHURCHILL C.H. M.P.

Vividly and Dramatically Told in Nearly 150 of the Most Remarkable Photographs and Pictures Produced in the War!

THE heroism and steadfastness of the ordinary people of Malta has aroused the unstinted admiration of the world. H. M. King George VI, by awarding the George Cross to the people of the island, has set an historic seal upon their courage. Threatened with isolation and starvation, they have withstood the most savage attacks of the enemies of Freedom. This book tells you the story vividly and dramatically in some of the most remarkable photographs and pictures produced in the war.

It tells of her peoples, her history, her latest and most glorious defence against the barbarians. It shows the part played by the Royal Air Force and the Fleet Air Arm and by the gunners and infantry manning the ground defences. Above all, it shows the magnificent part played by the Royal Navy and the Merchant Navy in getting supplies to the beleaguered island and in keeping open the vital life-lines. It is published as a small token of admiration and gratitude, and the profits of the Publishers from its sale are being turned over to the Malta Relief Fund.

Awarded George Cross

HIS MAJESTY KING GEORGE VI awarded the George Cross to Malta on April 15, 1942. In his personally written letter to the Governor, conferring the award, he said: "To honour her brave people I award the George Cross to the Island Fortress of Malta to bear witness to a heroism and devotion that will long be famous in history."—"George R.I."

The George Cross and His Majesty's letter suitably framed, are displayed in the Palace Square, Valetta, (page 128).

Foreword by Winston Churchill

WINSTON CHURCHILL SAYS IN HIS FOREWORD TO THE BOOK, (page 3): "Malta is a little island with a great history. The record of the Maltese people throughout that long history is a record of constancy and fortitude. It is with those qualities, matchlessly displayed, that they are now confronting the dark power of the Axis. But it is not given to them . . . to maintain resolute defence without suffering or to escape loss in achieving victory."

This book, therefore, is prepared . . . to portray to distant eyes the scene upon which their heroism is enacted."—"Winston S. Churchill."



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by Capt. Lewis Ritchie, C.V.O. ("Bartimeus")

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From HOME BOOK SERVICE 210 Dundas Street West, TORONTO 2, Ontario.

(Print full name and address clearly in block letters)

Name Address

Split a Melon—



NOW YOUR Victory garden is paying dividends. So split a melon among the family and let them profit by this rich bonus to any summer meal.

Melons don't confine themselves to one color or flavor, so why should you? Bright pink juicy watermelon, pale green honeydew, and the rich full-flavored cantaloupe—all favorites and all equally accommodating in the menu, whether served as a good-morning appetizer or later in the day as a salad or dessert. Good by themselves, or in combination with each other. Or diced with any fruit that comes along. Then there's the always scrumptious cantaloupe sundae—don't forget that!

Melons ask for only one thing and that's to be served thoroughly chilled. Wipe off the outside surface, split open, scoop out the seeds, cut in halves, sections or slices and they're all ready to be eaten. Scoop out balls and pile in sherbet glasses. Or peel and cut in cubes.

Lime Mint Ring with Melon Balls

(A Chatelaine Institute approved recipe)

- 1 Package of lime-flavored jelly powder
- 2 Cupfuls of water
- Few drops of mint flavoring
- Green pure food coloring
- Honeydew, cantaloupe or watermelon balls or any combination of these
- Small sprigs of fresh mint

Dissolve the jelly powder in hot or warm water according to the directions on the package. Add the mint extract to

produce a delicate flavor. Allow the mixture to cool. When it begins to thicken, beat vigorously with a rotary beater until it is frothy and thick. Add a few drops of green food coloring if desired and turn the mixture into a cold ring mold. Chill until firm and turn out on a serving dish. In the centre and around the outside arrange the melon balls. Garnish with fresh mint.

Fruit Finales

1. Wipe a cantaloupe with a damp cloth, cut in quarters lengthwise and remove the seeds. With a melon scoop, cut balls from another melon and fill the quarters. Garnish with fresh mint leaves. Arrange on a serving platter with peach halves piled with raspberries tucked between the melon sections. Centre with a heaped-up bowl of sweet dark cherries.

2. Wipe the outside of your favorite variety of muskmelon, cut in halves crosswise, remove the seeds and slice the melon in thick rings. Place on a serving plate, fill the centres with fresh blueberries and top with ice cream.

3. Holding a chilled melon lengthwise, remove a slice about an inch thick from the top. Scoop out the seeds. Remove the meat with a melon scoop to form balls, or spoon out and cut in dice. Make a melange of the melon, diced bananas if available, watermelon cubes, blueberries or blackberries or any fruit in season. Combine lightly and refill the melon shell—makes a grand serving bowl. Sprinkle the top with powdered sugar, if desired, and garnish with fresh mint. Serve as a salad or dessert.

stand in the chlorine solution for five minutes, then rinse thoroughly before setting them on the jars.

Preparation of vegetables: Make the time between gathering and canning as short as possible. And meanwhile keep in a cool place or cool under the cold water tap. Remove the stems and any blemishes. Wash, and wash again—and again—in several changes of water, lifting the vegetables from the water rather than letting it run off.

To blanch the beans tie loosely in a cheesecloth bag—one or two pounds at a time—scald in boiling water for about three minutes, then dip in fresh clear cold tap water and drain.

Packing: Pack the blanched beans in the cleaned jars to within one-half inch of the top. Cover with liquid made from cooked strained tomatoes and water—half and half. Add one-half teaspoonful of salt to each pint—or one teaspoonful to a quart. Adjust the rubbers and tops and partially seal.

Processing: Place the jars on a rack in a warm water bath—being sure that the water covers the tops of the jars to the depth of an inch or two. (Use a wash boiler or some other deep container for the "bath.") Put on a tight-fitting lid or cover and cook or "process" for the required length of

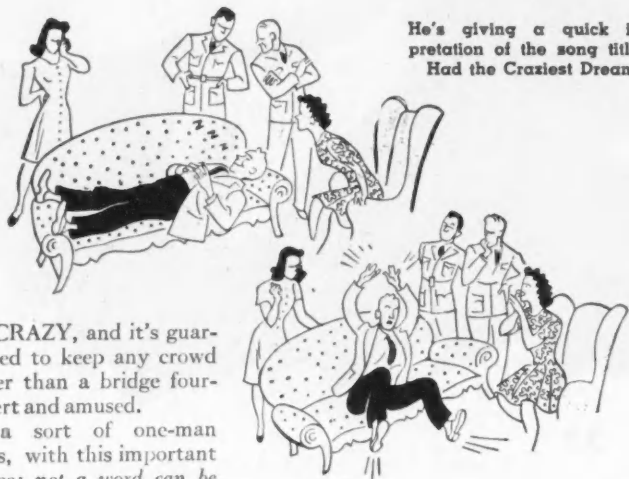
time, counted from the moment when the water actively boils—not before. Keep it boiling for two and a half hours, then remove the jars and seal tightly.

Tighten the tops and within fifteen minutes test for leaks—by ear. Listen for any sizzling sound of air entering the jars. If this does happen—worse luck!—remove the bands from the screw-top jars or loosen the metal of the spring top type. Slide the glass top gently around to a new position, replace metal band or clamp and test again in a minute. If a new glass top or rubber is required dip in the chlorine solution, rinse well in boiling water and, quickly, set on the jar. Listen again for the sizzling sound.

Let the jars stand overnight, then remove the metal band or clamp. Lift the jars by the glass lid—a perfect seal will hold. If the top is loose, use them up at once or empty the contents into another cleaned jar, partially seal and reprocess in the hot water bath until thoroughly heated through—about one hour. Remove, seal tightly and retest for leaks. Do not attempt to keep any jar that is not airtight.

Before using these or any home-canned vegetables, boil for a few minutes. Don't taste until you do this. +

Game of the Year

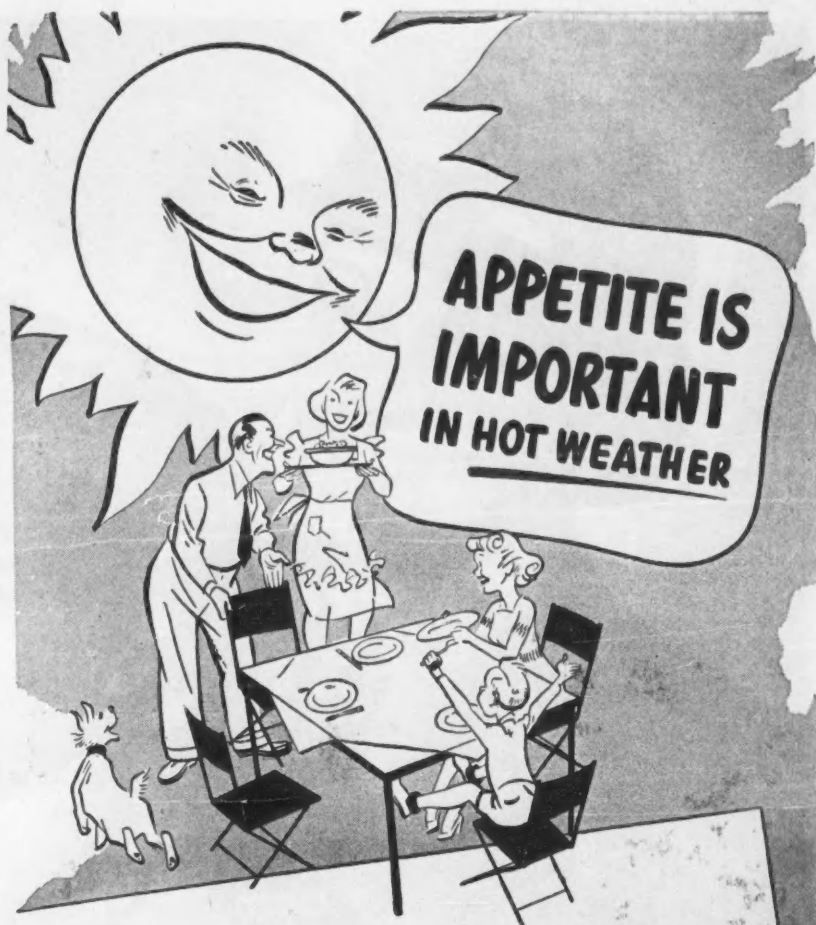


IT'S CRAZY, and it's guaranteed to keep any crowd larger than a bridge four-some alert and amused.

It's a sort of one-man charades, with this important difference: *not a word can be spoken by the actor.* Here's how you organize the play. Divide your group into two teams, leaving one "neutral" to be timekeeper and scorer. Each team goes into a whispering huddle, writes down one assignment on a scrap of paper for each member of the opposing team. Such assignments can range from book or movie titles, wartime slogans, familiar advertising tag-lines, a bit of verse or popular song. The captain folds each scribbled paper and hands the lot over to the leader of the other group who does them out one by one to his players who must not peek until their turn comes round. As each name is called, the player looks at his assignment, reaches wildly for any "props" that may help him, and then plunges into the business of acting out either (a) the general idea of the title or line or (b) the words of it, one by one. He must not speak, but he may nod or shake his head, he may answer questions

by dumb show, he may count the number of words on his fingers; and always he must try to help his own team-mates grasp the meaning of his peculiar behavior. Speed is the essential thing; the player who can convey the meaning in two minutes flat is a wow, the one who keeps his team puzzled for ten minutes is a dead-end. And meantime, the opposing team, knowing the assignment, indulges in warnings, cries of "no-fair," and "he's wrong," etc., etc.

Here you see a bright fellow trying to put across the song-title, "I Had the Craziest Dream." Other popular assignments might be: "Back the Attack," "The Beveridge Plan," "Pay as you go," "Wartime Prices & Trade Board," "Mission to Moscow," and so on to the limit of your ingenuity and the capacities of the teams.



• When hot weather dulls appetites, we run a risk of not eating enough of the *protective* foods that are essential to health and vigor. To rouse hot-weather appetites, to meet our needs for minerals and vitamins, nothing is more helpful than plenty of tempting, cool, colorful salads. Watch your family menu for this. It is more important than ever that we eat for health these days.

How to Make Salads Extra Good!

Use *real* mayonnaise—Hellmann's Blue Ribbon Mayonnaise. Its delicate blandness points up salad flavor, adds zest and enjoyment. It's *all* mayonnaise—thick and rich and creamy—made from carefully selected eggs, fine spices and a special blend of vinegars. Spoonful for spoonful, it provides the same food fuel-energy as butter. Economical, because you can e-x-t-e-n-d it by adding cream, lemon juice or vinegar—a real advantage when supplies are scarce.

"IT'S REALLY FRESH!"

HELLMANN'S
BLUE RIBBON
REAL
MAYONNAISE



West of Manitoba, this fine Mayonnaise is sold as "Best Foods Mayonnaise".



A good dinner or luncheon menu is not complete without a tasty, appetizing dessert. Good cooks, ever on the lookout for new treats to serve their families, have learned that the delicious custards and puddings made with pure, high quality Canada Corn Starch, are the answers to a frequent problem. They provide an excellent way to sometimes serve the milk and eggs so necessary to our well-being.

And—delicious Crown Brand Syrup, as a sauce, makes them an even more appreciated treat.

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Can the Surplus

By HELEN G. CAMPBELL

ENJOY THE products of your victory garden in their season and put by the surplus for a wintry day. Some vegetables can be stored for months if they're given the climate which suits their personalities; we'll tell you about this in our next issue. Other varieties, more frail by nature, require different treatment to preserve them for the future.

Take beans, for instance. If the rows you planted yield more than you can use or give away now, perhaps you'll want to can them to provide good eating later.

Dr. J. H. L. Truscott of the Ontario Agricultural College, who has conducted a great many experiments in the home canning of vegetables, has found a mixture of half tomato juice and half water more satisfactory and safer than plain salted water as a covering solution for the beans in the jar. He has other suggestions which are helpful to those who have no pressure-cooker for vegetable canning. Judging by the results which we sampled, his method is fine for keeping the quality, flavor, color and texture of the original product. The beans were so good that we want to pass Dr. Truscott's suggestions along to you.

First thing is to have your beans fresh, cool them quickly after gathering and can them as soon as possible; try to have them into the jar and into the bath two hours after picking. Get them really clean by repeated and thorough washings, for, says Dr. Truscott, "unless you do you have two strikes against you before you begin." Work in small lots—a few jars at a time; it's easier on you and much more conducive to good results.

Here, step by step, is the way he goes about it.

Preparation of jars: Inspect the jars and tops for cracks, nicks and chips. Half fill the perfect ones with water, adjust new rubbers and glass tops, seal and invert for a few minutes to test for leaks. Do not mix up the tops but keep each one for the jar it fits. Use quarts or pints, preferably pints.

Wash the jars in hot soapy water, using a brush or cloth to clean them well inside and out. Rinse. Dr. Truscott suggests filling your dishpan three quarters full of warm water and to this adding two tablespoonfuls of chloride of lime. Immerse the jars and glass tops in this for a few minutes, then rinse thoroughly in clear cold tap water to remove all trace of the chlorine. Leave them under water until ready to use or invert on a clean towel. Let the rubbers

✦ Continued on next page

FAT CHANCE

You're the only one who can take proper advantage of it. And when you do, you pass along the benefits to your country and to the all-out efforts of the United Nations. What're we talking about? Salvage fats—the drippings from the roast, the fried sausages and so on. Strain them into a clean, wide-mouthed tin container; keep in the refrigerator until the can is full; turn it over to your local salvage collection or your butcher. This way, you'll be adding to the flow of glycerine and explosives to the fighting fronts. The need is greater every day.

TORONTO CONSERVATORY OF MUSIC UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO



NORMAN WILKS, M.C., Hon. R.C.M.
Principal

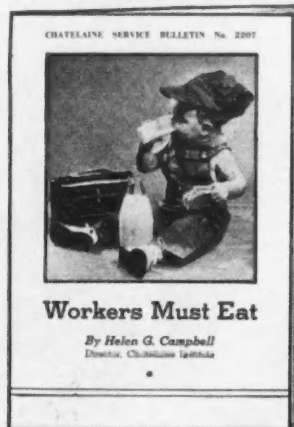
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Workers Must Eat

Chatelaine's new Service
Bulletin, No. 2207



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- Sixteen pages of practical information on food for fitness.
- Eighty lunchbox menus—common-sense suggestions for every season of the year.
- Planning the Three Squares: menus for hearty breakfasts and substantial suppers.
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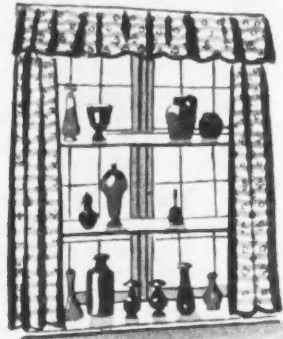
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Address

(PLEASE PRINT OR WRITE PLAINLY)

A DEPARTMENT FOR HOME PLANNING,
... DECORATING AND FURNISHING ...

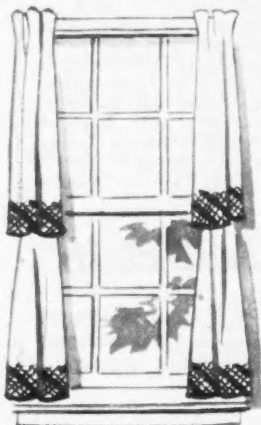
Have a Bright Outlook . . . FREDA JAMES

*For your collection
of colored
glass!*



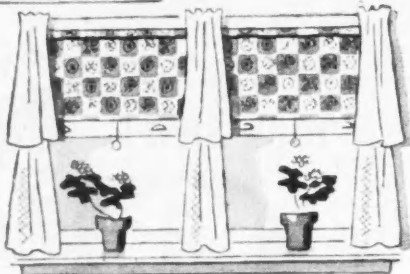
That small window on the stair landing or in the hall will look well if fixed with narrow shelves for your collection of colored glass, through which the light will stream. Casements (opening out) must be manipulated with care, of course. Curtain fabric is a neat small print in nice muted colors which will not detract from the collection pieces.

Such curtains can be hung entirely over the wood trim if you wish to conceal it, or just inside if you prefer the frame effect.



*The tall kitchen
window*

*A gay one for the
children's room!*



Color and decoration add charm!

Double sash curtains of white sheeting trimmed with gingham bands will solve the problem of a tall kitchen window in the older house. They break the height nicely. After dark, pull the lower pair across; daytime shove both pairs well back to let in all light.

You'll appreciate these, come laundry day—and there's no law against using the same treatment for other rooms.

Chintz blinds, or roller linen blinds with added decoration, combine with double-sash curtaining for a gay window in the children's room. Use sheer muslin, sprigged or plain, or other light-weight cotton.

This is a satisfactory way of achieving a "unit" effect when there are two nondescript windows with a slight wall space between.

Heavy window trim is often found in an older house. Too expensive to remove, but why not play it up by using color and decoration? You'll find yourself and your friends admiring the distinctive effect.

Note here how the plain walls and simple half-sash voile curtains on rods let the interesting painted surrounds play the dominant role. In this case the upper portion has been left uncurtained, so that the view of sky and trees can be enjoyed, but a double-sash treatment with heavier material if preferred can as readily be used.

This example was taken from an Ontario house, and shows what can be done with the heavy comb-grained woodwork which was high style in the late 19th Century, but which seldom appeals to modern taste. Doors and windows are now framed with bands of fresh color and add a unique touch.



How to make do. Problem: a length of lovely chintz, perfect in scale for this tall window—but how to make it long enough and wide enough? Fortunately the pattern could be halved, and by adding a ten-inch band of white sateen down each side and across the bottom (and using same for lining) an interesting treatment was devised for this one-window room.

Crowning touch is a cornice box painted white and decorated by the owner with the lovely fruits and leaves of the chintz design. Cornice box is sufficiently extended to allow curtains to draw over radiator.

YOUR HOME



"It's Our War Too..."

"We enlisted for three distinctly different reasons . . . Joan wanted to do her bit and help bring Harry home sooner . . . Barbara says frankly her chief reason was adventure and travel . . . I joined up because I realized that this is just as much my war as anybody's. They were all good reasons.

"Once we got on active duty, we had a new appreciation of why women should enlist. The simple fact is that there are thousands of jobs in the Services which women could — and should — be doing".

By their ability and devotion to duty, the 25,000 women already in Canada's Armed Forces have more than proven their right to take their place beside their fighting brothers. But many times that number of women must be enlisted if women are to do their share in this total war.

Women don't require *special* qualifications to enlist in Canada's Armed Forces. If you are between the ages of 18 and 45 (50 in some cases) and are in good health, there's a place waiting for you. Go to any recruiting Centre and talk it over.

WRCNS

Women's Royal Canadian Naval Service

CWAC

Canadian Women's Army Corps

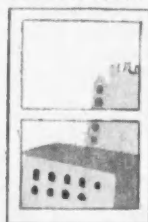
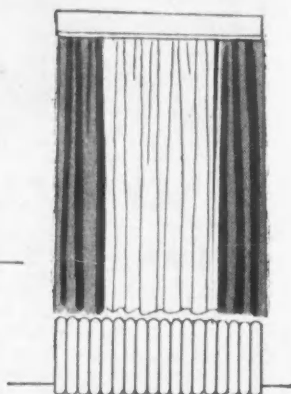
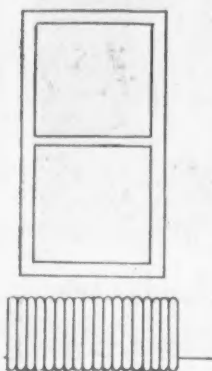
RCAF

Royal Canadian Air Force

Curtains for Camouflage

Size and position of radiators often determine curtain-
ing treatment. Here you see an ordinary window with a
radiator under and protruding past the window-line
at each end. Perhaps it's
the only window and
radiator in the room—
you'll be needing all the
heat and you won't be
drawing curtains over it
at night. Make the
width of your treatment
at top the same width as
the rad, and let both
pairs of curtains come to
a line to clear the rad.

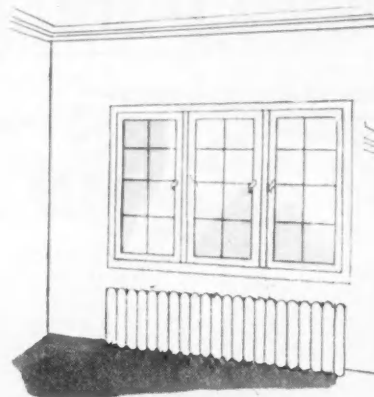
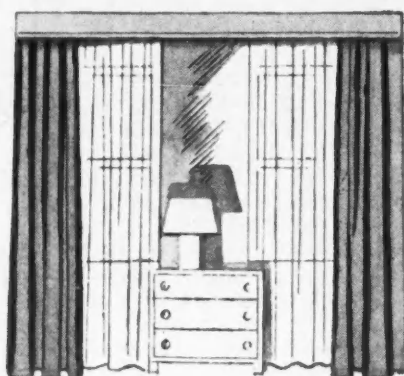
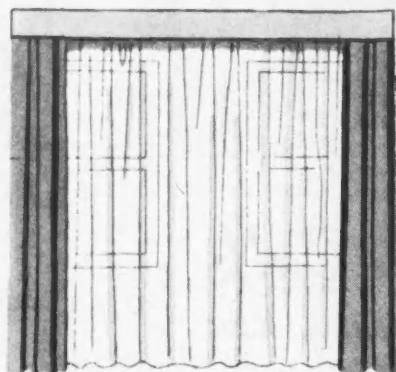
Always avoid curtain
lengths, in either the
inner or side draperies,
which come to a halfway
point on the radiator.
This never achieves any-
thing but an ungainly
effect, no matter how
colorful or interesting
the fabric may be.



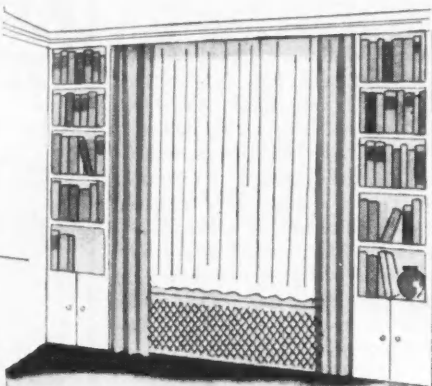
Camouflage job. Above you see
two nondescript windows and an
unsightly radiator beneath. Space
between the windows is not enough
to warrant dividing the group, so we
can, if we wish, hang soft inner
curtains right across, as shown in
upper sketch at right. Cornice box
can be raised to a height to give good
proportions; it can be painted or
covered with fabric.

In this case, cornice box has been
projected sufficiently to let curtains
clear the radiator. If preferred, the
inner curtains can be brought to the
top of rad, and the overcurtains left
floor length at the sides, or drawn
when wanted.

Lacking the radiator problem, the
space between windows can be filled
with mirror and a furniture piece
used beneath—as illustrated at right.



Major operation—but well worth
while in an owned house. Book-
shelves installed from floor to cornice
line, the latter brought forward to
conceal curtain headings. Long side
draperies, inner curtains just clearing
radiator enclosure.



**"So what if there is
a ceiling on wages!"**

"MAYBE we *are* working harder . . . and more hours.
Maybe the income tax is tough! But look! My boy's in it.
He's fighting! I spent 20 years raising that kid . . . do you
think I'd let him down now for a few dollars or a few extra
hours of work? No sir! We've got a job to do here at
Anaconda. Our kids and their buddies have got to have the
best damn equipment in the world! And we're going to give
it to them! C'mon fellows, back to work! Somebody's son
needs that piece of copper!"

Copper fabricated by Anaconda goes into equipment for
all our Fighting Services. That's why you no longer can
get copper screens, copper or brass plumbing, copper roofing
or bronze hardware. It's not that there isn't as much copper
as there ever was . . . there's actually more! But *still more*
copper is needed to meet the demands of wartime production.

Those men at Anaconda know it, too! They're working
harder than ever before to make sure that their sons and
brothers . . . get everything they need
. . . soon enough . . . and in large
enough quantities to assure Victory!



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Food is "vital war material"—let's not waste it. Electric power is essential to Canada's war industry—let's not misuse it. Waste in a single home may not directly affect Canada's war effort, but waste in many homes can seriously cripple it. Let's all help Canada now—by preventing waste in every form!



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Gift Sets
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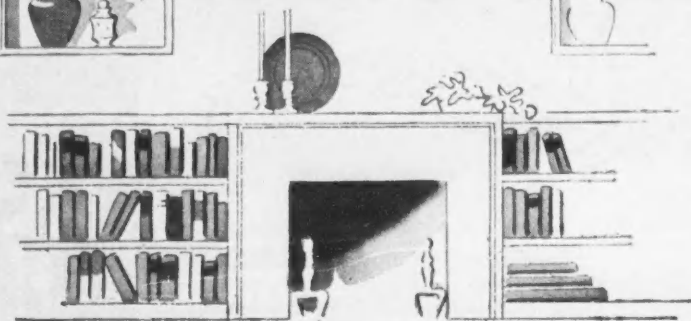
AT ALL
GOOD STORES



Those Problem Windows



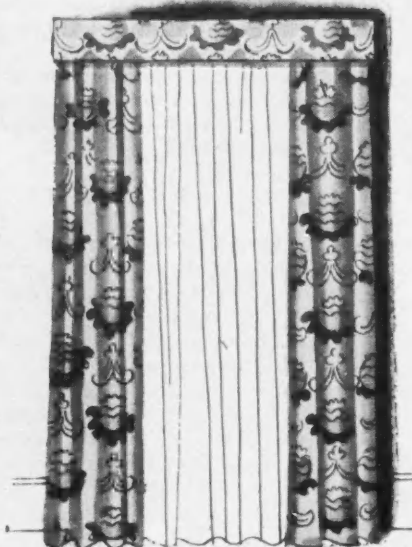
Windows become shadow boxes



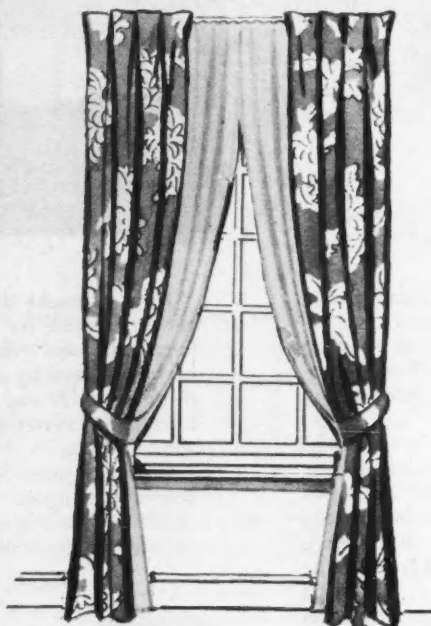
Ever with us is the problem of two small windows placed high on either side of the fireplace. When installed they were meant for added light, but with the lighter wall and window treatments today we find we can blank them out completely with plaster, redo them into little recesses for books, or, as shown here, convert them into shadow boxes, under concealed lighting.

If such small windows must be retained for light, it is better to cover them completely with a sheer inner curtain, and not try to use material matching the heavy overcurtains in the room.

A small, high window of this type is sometimes found above the space for the buffet in the dining room. The treatment described above can be used with equal success in this case.



For a dignified treatment!



Soft voile and Chintz

Traditional Georgian windows get their full measure of importance when soft inner curtains, hung very full, are caught back with the overcurtains, and fall to the same length

Hang Your Innings Long. Above, you see a dignified treatment for a window of no architectural distinction and with no view to capture.

For the valance, first get the handyman of the house to make you a plain wooden cornice box in proper dimensions to give your window width and height. Take enough of the overcurtain fabric to cover the exposed side of the box; pad the board slightly with lining (and try to keep the corners rounded somewhat); stretch the drapery fabric carefully and tack on the inside. This is not hard to remove when cleaning time comes.

For the thin curtains, choose a sheer which hangs well and use it very full from a rod placed directly behind the main rod. Let this sheer inner curtaining come to the floor clearance to make an even line with the overcurtains. This treatment is usually employed where there isn't a protruding radiator.

For an ordinary rather narrow window opening, this type of curtaining has much to recommend it; it will give a distinguished air to your room scheme. In making the cornice box, allow sufficient width to keep the overcurtains completely off the window in the daytime.

Now
Mabel!



That takes too much time!

Don't make toilet sanitation a chore. Why use a cleansing powder *plus* a disinfectant? Sani-Flush—made especially to do the whole job—cleans away the film, stains, and incrustations where toilet germs may lurk. Removes a cause of toilet odors. It's quick. It's easy. It's thorough.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. When used according to directions on the can, Sani-Flush cannot injure septic tanks or their action and is safe in toilet connections. Use it at least twice a week. Made in Canada. Sold everywhere in two handy sizes. Distributed by Harold F. Ritchie and Company, Ltd., Toronto, Ontario.



Sani-Flush

CLEANS TOILET
BOWLS WITHOUT
SCOURING

TAKE A *New Pride* IN YOUR SILVER



POLISH WITH **Goddard's**

Five generations have proudly displayed lovely silver with lustrous beauty maintained by "Goddard's" safe, effective, easy-to-use polishes. "Goddard's" doesn't scratch or smear. Get a supply now for easy silver cleaning.

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disappears by the age of four or five. Some parents find baby talk amusing and imitate it for the child. So the child does not hear the words correctly spoken and so does not learn to speak perfectly. If he persists in his baby talk, it finally becomes annoying to his parents, who have of course themselves to blame, and it will also become a source of trouble to the child himself because he will be teased about it by his playmates. So even though his baby talk seems cute to us, we must avoid encouraging him in this habit. Our encouragement stimulates the child to continue his baby talk because he likes to provide entertainment. In a few cases lisping is due to some defect in the mouth or to some inability to use the tongue correctly. These children should have expert treatment and training if possible. In fact, any child who keeps up his baby talk past the age of five should be given speech training if that can be arranged. You can be sure that if the habit has persisted that long, it will not be broken easily.

Some children between the ages of three and five talk incessantly. This is quite a normal reaction in active inquisitive children. If, however, it is carried to extremes, you can often tone it down by getting them to use their other muscles—for instance, to get them to ride their tricycles or to play in their sandpiles. If they talk all the time in order to gain attention, you should find out if you can what is wrong with the way you are handling them. Some children, especially boys, speak carelessly and indistinctly. The way to overcome this is always to speak clearly and carefully when addressing the child.

A SURPRISINGLY large percentage of children—almost 1% in America—are troubled with stuttering or stammering. It is about five times as common in boys as in girls. Sometimes it crops out in several generations or in several members of the same family. It occurs most frequently in children who are naturally left-handed and who have been or are in the process of being trained to use their right hand instead. Therefore, do not try to make your child use his right hand for writing or other activities if he shows a preference for his left. If he has already been trained to use his right hand, he should be allowed to go back to his left hand and be given extra training in the use of it, until he can write at the speed of his classmates. Using his natural hand is much less of a strain for him. Stuttering is also seen in youngsters who have no particular preference for either hand. Occasionally even right-handed children stutter too.

The stuttering may begin when the child learns to talk. During the pre-school period you parents can do a great deal to help clear up the trouble by the way you treat your child. When he stutters, do not show any anxiety or concern and do not correct him or make him conscious of his unusual speech. Don't turn your head away from him or show by your expression that you are upset when he stutters. Treat him as if he were speaking normally. As a matter of fact a child of this age probably doesn't realize he is stuttering. These directions are hard for you and the rest of your family to follow.

Why is this kind of handling so im-

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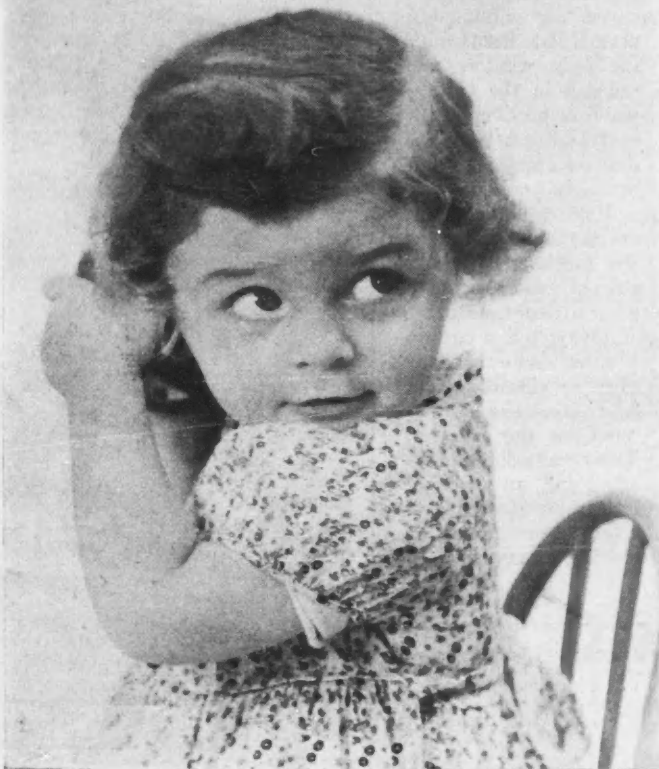
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Learning to Talk

By Elizabeth Chant Robertson, M.D.

IT'S QUITE exciting watching our babies learn to talk. They make all kinds of interesting noises before they actually mean anything by them. In fact, at about three months of age they start babbling. They soon appreciate how you are feeling, whether pleased or disappointed, although they don't understand the words you use. So your approval is worth expressing, even though they don't "get" it all. Later on, before they begin to talk themselves, they understand some of the words you use and will even obey simple commands. You certainly feel very gratified the first time your youngster brings you his ball by request.

When they are quite young, babies make sounds like dada or mama. Babies the world over make these noises, and no doubt parents everywhere think they mean daddy or mother by them. The unprejudiced psychologists, however, tell us this isn't so. They say that baby probably doesn't associate the words mama or dada with his mother or father at this early age. To support this, they have noticed that many babies stop making these pleasant noises at about one year of age and then, later on, use them with real meaning.

The age at which a child actually learns to talk, or in other words to use words with meaning, varies greatly. Seventy-five per cent of them are talking a little by the time they are a year old, but even six months later most of their remarks are incomprehensible. Girls usually talk a little earlier than boys, and twins are unusually slow—probably because they play with

each other instead of with older children or their parents. Some families, too, seem naturally to be slow talkers. By the age of two, practically all normal children should be able to talk, but the number of words they use varies tremendously. In one group of about 50 children, all two years old, that were carefully studied, one used only five words, one had 1,200 words at his command, and the average for the whole group was 300. An ordinary high school graduate has a vocabulary of about 14,000 words.

If a child is babied or waited on too much by his parents, he probably will learn to speak slowly. If crying and pointing will bring him what he wants, why should he bother learning how to talk? Also parents of this kind usually are so afraid of baby getting the odd bump that they don't let him learn to creep or walk when he wants to. Creeping or walking helps him to learn how to manage or co-ordinate his body muscles. These experiences make it easier, it is thought, for him to manage his talking muscles as well. So for this, as well as for many other reasons, children should be taught to do all they can for themselves as early as possible. Names of familiar things or persons are the first words they use. Then come verbs and pronouns and later on the other kinds of words.

TALKING IS learned by imitation, as is evident when you consider that a child can learn equally well any language that he hears spoken. Lispering or baby talk is quite normal, but it usually



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The Constructive Platform of the PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE PARTY

IN THE PROVINCE OF ONTARIO

Approved in General Meeting at Toronto, July 3, 1943

THE HOME AND CHILDREN RECEIVE SPECIAL ATTENTION IN PROGRESSIVE CONSERVATIVE PROGRAMME

● Readers of Chatelaine will be especially interested in the pledges given to the electors by the Progressive Conservative Party through its Leader, George Drew. Resolutions embodying the pledges were adopted at a meeting of party candidates and officials from different parts of Ontario. Decidedly constructive in character, these particular commitments have to do with the maintenance of the family home, the training of the young, their religious education and preparation for the battle of

life, the relief of real estate from much of the cost of education, the improvement of industrial relationships, the welfare of the fighting services and their families, the prices of coal, milk and other basic necessities.

It is the duty, particularly of the Women of Ontario, to make certain of good government. The vote is a sacred trust. Use your vote to elect the Progressive Conservative Candidate. You will be proud of a government led by George Drew.

Twenty-two Point Programme

IN THE statement of policy made by the leader, Mr. George Drew, the Progressive Conservative Party of Ontario proclaims its faith in the future. The Party's firm belief is that the natural wealth and productive capacity of the province are such as will provide steady employment at good wages for all industrious citizens together with economic and social security from the cradle to the grave. All that is required to make that vision come true is a strong, forthright Government in Queen's Park. The Party therefore pledges itself:—

1 To do all in its power to maintain British institutions and strengthen the British partnership as the best guarantee of Canada's spiritual and material welfare.

2 To co-operate fully with other Provincial Governments and the Federal Administration in fighting the war to a successful finish, and establishing social security for all citizens—without sacrificing Provincial control of Provincial affairs.

3 To encourage private initiative in every field of employment, to support farmers, factories, mineral and forest development and other activities by helpful legislation, tax reduction, and the removal of bureaucratic restrictions.

4 To set up committees of outstanding farmers in each county with authority to plan joint production and promote the processing and distribution of farm products. To take over all stockyards and operate them as public-owned agencies, thus cutting out speculation and manipulation, which have proven injurious alike to producers and to consumers.

5 To give workers and employers the fairest and most advanced labour laws. This is to be achieved by empowering an Ontario Labour Relations Committee to outline a plan based on study of labour laws of other countries—this with a view to adopting comprehensive and enforceable collective bargaining legislation.

6 To appoint as Minister of Mines a man who knows mining; to lighten the burden of taxation; to repeal nuisance laws which hamper the activities of prospectors and geologists.

7 To appoint a Forest Resources Commission; to cancel improper timber contracts; and to push policies of conservation, reforestation and soil control extending to all parts of the province, and employing tens of thousands of men after the war.

8 To create an Ontario Housing Commission for the purpose of wiping out slums, improving home conditions in city, town and country and providing post-war employment on a large scale.

9 To encourage home ownership and home improvement by a sweeping revision of real estate taxation, commencing with the assumption by the government of fifty per cent of the present cost of education.

10 To give every child an education to the full extent of its mental capacity, together with vocational instruction for farm or city life.

11 To assure all children adequate medical and dental attention and health protection.

12 To prepare immediately province-wide plans for full post-war employment.

13 To free the Hydro Electric Power System from political control; give rural Ontario the benefit of an equitable readjustment of power rates; and to remove the service charges for farms.

14 To reclaim unused land throughout the province for the settlement of returned men and their families on a sound, economic basis under the guidance of Veterans' organizations.

15 To reduce taxes by stopping Provincial Government services which duplicate Federal services, except where essential to the maintenance of constitutional rights.

16 To drive politics out of the Civil Service so that civil servants need no longer fear for their jobs—thus increasing governmental efficiency.

17 To give every citizen the right to defend his person and property before the courts.

18 To increase mothers' allowances and old age pensions and to relieve old people from the obligation of parting with their homes before they can become eligible for their small pensions.

19 To assure the public of adequate supplies of fuel, milk and other necessities.

20 To assure priority of employment to men and women who have served in the armed forces.

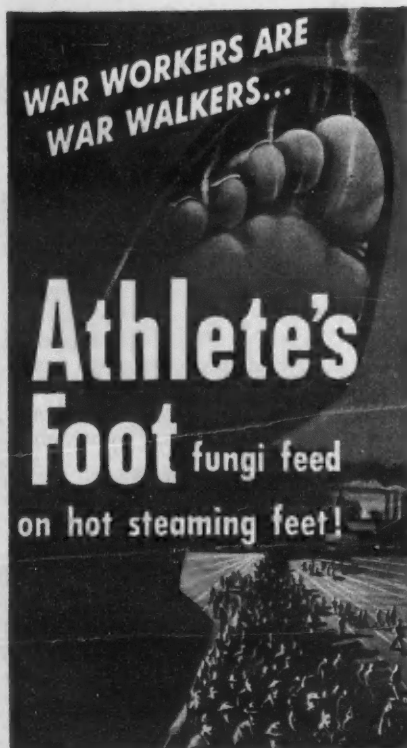
21 To assure full legal protection to those in the armed services and their dependents against mortgage foreclosures, insurance cancellation and other unjust financial embarrassments; creditors to be reasonably protected by the court.

22 A rehabilitation and social security committee will be appointed immediately with instructions to draft plans which will assure social security for all our people, and also provide for the rehabilitation and employment of the members of our armed forces and munition workers after the war.

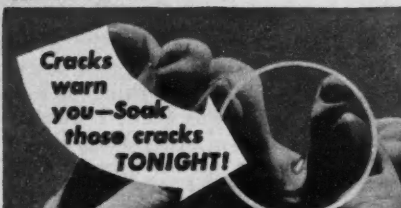
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Published by the Progressive Conservative Party of Ontario



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portant? When you are anxious and concerned about your child's stuttering, he becomes frightened by it and loses some of his confidence. When that happens it is harder for him to speak, and he stutters more than ever. If you ignore his stuttering and do not upset him by expressing your concern, the chances are that he will overcome it in a year or two. Parents who fuss over and correct a preschool stutterer make it more difficult for him to get over it. Just to demonstrate this point, it is well known that children in large families where they don't get much individual attention overcome their stuttering more easily than those in small families who are given a great deal of care and attention. The stuttering may not appear until after the first few years at school. In the last grade or so at public school some of these youngsters stop stuttering.

Children that stutter usually like to talk, and they should not be discouraged and made more conscious of their disability by asking them to start over again or to speak more slowly. Some people, out of mistaken kindness, finish their sentences for them or take the words out of their mouths. This, too, humiliates the child and is a harmful practice. Stuttering youngsters should be encouraged to make friendships with other children and to have a normal social life. Keeping them by themselves just makes them more awkward in dealing with people later on in life. They should not be allowed to take part in public performances, if they are upset when they stutter in public. They are

best allowed to read aloud or recite at length in private with their teacher, rather than before the whole class. Debates and violent arguments should be avoided as the stutterer is at such a disadvantage in them. These children should be trained for careers in which speech is not essential, but which will allow them to obtain a reasonable amount of success. Rhythmic exercises, such as swimming, dancing, and possibly singing, are often helpful. They can usually sing without stuttering. Nagging or overexcitement should be avoided, and the home life of all stutterers should be as calm as possible. There is no disgrace connected with stuttering and the school child should be reassured on this point.

In many of the large centres there are experts in speech training. If your child suffers from any speech defect, you would be very wise to have him thoroughly checked over by a physician, if possible one who is a neurological specialist, in order to make sure there is no physical cause for the trouble. Then the doctor can advise you as to where you can take the child for speech training. Look into these possibilities as soon as you can, for the longer these difficulties are allowed to persist, the harder it is to remedy them.

Dr. Robertson will be pleased to answer questions on child health and care. Please do not ask for prescriptions or feeding formulas. Address your questions to the Child Health Clinic, Chatelaine, 481 University Avenue, Toronto. ♦

(Advertisement)



George Drew and Conservatism

By STEPHEN LEACOCK

I SHOULD like to have the opportunity of expressing through the press my appreciation of the claims of George Drew to political leadership, and my sympathy with the ideas which he represents. I believe them to be the ideas on which, both in provincial and national affairs, the future of the Dominion rests.

George Drew is a Conservative. There is no harm in that,—or not now. Conservatism like all things human was born, in part at least, in sin. Just as the original Liberal carried the suspicious appearance of the visionary or the revolutionist, so the Conservative carried some remembrance of the tyrant, of the power of the lord over the serf and of the rich over the poor. Far down into our time something of this carried on as class privilege, as vested right in church and state and property. All that has passed away. A Conservative leader nowadays no more keeps a dungeon than a Liberal keeps a dagger. The Canadian party is now the Progressive Conservative party, thus recognizing a thing in name after it has long existed as a fact,—another highly British practice. The Magna Charta was really centuries old before they signed it.

Conservatism must now mean in Canada a guardianship not of the rights of a class but of the rights, and of the welfare, of all; not theories, facts; not dreams, realities; not tears, but action. Conservatism proposes to make a new social order by working the old social order properly. I am certain that millions of my fellow Canadians agree with me that we must be done forever with unemployment, done forever with giving children just enough school to open the door of a wider world and then close it, to throw them into premature work in farm and factory,—done forever, by one sustained and heroic national effort, with want and poverty and all that breeds with it.

George Drew has behind him the fine record of an industrious, useful life and the proud honour of being a veteran of the Great War, overseas in the service of his country and of the British Commonwealth. But he is still young enough to have the energy needed for the great tasks that lie ahead of us, and to share in the future in the great triumphs that are still to come. On such a course I wish him all success.

Stephen Leacock

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Timothy and the Widow Pinkerton :: From page 21

and had an hour to wait before the last car slid away from Pinky's curb. Pulling a sweater over his head, he jammed a worn hat down to his ears and left the house, noiseless in his sneakers. In the clump of evergreens surrounding the garbage can he found a hiding place and wedged his long frame into it. He waited there, getting chilled, and nothing happened. Abruptly this seemed the sort of thing Beany would do, playing bang-bang with his contemporaries. Disgust rose in Timothy, but the dogged need to see for himself held him there. He could not smoke. His legs cramped under him and his back began to ache. He groaned softly, scarcely a whisper of sound and held himself rigid.

Pinky's trig maid came from the house, a bucket of garbage in her hand. She emptied it swiftly and tidily and went away again. Timothy heard the kitchen door slam behind her. From where he stood he could scarcely see the garbage can and he shifted slowly. He thought he heard a furtive movement near him, and he turned his head slowly, but he could see nothing in the shadowed stillness. The sound began again, and it was behind him, moving forward slowly, stealthily. Timothy became aware of tremors throughout his body.

He saw a dim figure near a tree very close to him. The figure stooped, pushed something under the can with pale fingers, straightened and stood listening.

With a cry he did not understand himself Timothy leaped forward and clutched at the cloaked figure. There was no outcry, no sound, but he had hold of fury itself, struggling, clawing, digging his shins with frantic heels. There was not time to plan his action. It took his whole strength to maintain his hold on the virago he had captured.

Abruptly behind him he heard Pinky's voice, sharp and strained.

"Is that you, Timothy?"

"Quick," he said, "get a rope."

Instead she came through the trees and turned a flashlight full in his face. He was bleeding. He could taste the blood on his lips.

"It's Della," Pinky said. She caught her breath quickly, a sharp gasp. "She has a knife, Timothy."

He struck at the lifting arm. Pinky threw herself against Della, and for a moment the three of them were locked in a wordless battle. Pinky gasped.

"She's dropped the knife."

"Are you hurt, Pinky?"

"No," she said, sobbing.

"Get a rope, and hurry."

Della's strength was waning. In his arms the cloaked figure slacked suddenly. His weary muscles could not sustain the weight, and he let her slump to the ground. She lay there, Pinky's dropped flashlight on the ground beside

her, revealing her face as Timothy had never seen it, white and ugly and drawn. She was breathing harshly. He straightened slowly, revulsion shaking him.

Pinky, a silly little gun in her hand, came swiftly back to him and thrust the gun into his fingers. They got Della to her feet and marched her into Timothy's house, and he wished Beany were there to see him.

He called the police. Pinky washed Timothy's face and patted his hair into place, and through it all she wept soundless constant tears.

Timothy sat still, letting her think he was helpless.

"I was afraid it might be you," he said at last.

"Oh, Timothy," she looked up, her lovely face swollen and wet with tears.

"I was afraid it was you. I was so afraid it was you. And when you left so soon after Colonel James spoke tonight—"

Timothy straightened. "It's got to stop," he said. "That kind of thing is dangerous."

"No, dear, no," she said. "Colonel James is in military intelligence. It was a plant. I had to know. I had to be sure about you. There was no cargo of tanks from Halifax last night, but I thought if I could see your face when he said it—You kept your face hidden."

"Good lord!" said Timothy. "Me?"

"It was Beany," Pinky pleaded. "He kept saying you were doing secret work for the Government. And your walks at night. And I found that slip of green paper the night you helped me with the garbage can. I don't know how I happened to find it. I had brought out the last remnants of the party, and I thought it was a piece of lettuce I had dropped, and I picked it up and it was paper, with little marks all over it. Colonel James had told me only two weeks before that important news was getting out, and he asked me to help him. He and my husband were in G-2 together. He said someone very smart was collecting unimportant bits and putting them together. You're very smart, Timothy. Why won't you stop bleeding? You haven't any blood to spare. You're too thin. And I thought of Jill and Beany, and I didn't know what to do. It's been awful, Timothy. Horrible."

He pulled her to his lap, the soggy bit of cotton in her hand dripping warm water on his arm. Beyond, in some other part of the house, he could hear the police officers tramping back and forth, seeking evidence likely, investigating Della.

"I'll be a hero to Beany for the first time in my life," Timothy said.

"Yes, dear."

"Could you marry a hero, Pinky?"

"I've been wanting to," said Pinky, "for almost a year." +

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LISTEN FRIENDS

A guest editorial

THERE ARE two subjects in which everyone is interested. One is Security. The other one is Food.

When a Welsh poet sat down to write a poem concerning his conception of happiness, he wrote first about his garden and his house. He wanted a large garden, and a small house; a few friends, a good wife who would stay at home, and then in four lines he gave us his ideal of security:

"A little gold that's sure each week
That comes not from a living mind
But from a dead man in his grave
Who cannot change his mind."

In my old copy I see I have written in the margin, "A Dominion of Canada annuity would be better." I still think so. Our best hope for security is to be found in our own country's pledge. Back of it stand all the resources of Canada, the timber in the forests, the wealth of the mines, the fish in the sea and the streams, the wheat and cattle on the plains, and back of them the will to work and win of the Canadian people—that is ourselves.

Now, no matter how good our intentions are, we need to have a clear-cut definite plan. Without it, comes confusion.

With this in mind, let us look carefully at the larger question of planning for the time which will come, when all this feverish activity is over, and war factories are no longer needed.

There is a Plan, a good plan, which has been explained to us carefully. We all say it is a good one. But like other plans, it won't work itself. It has to be worked. It is a game which calls for Players. The Government says: "Now we have to have money to pay for guns and tanks, uniforms, and ships. We have to win this war, and we are going to win (applause), and you all have to do your share. So lend us your money, all you can spare. We'll pay you more interest than the banks, and you'll have purchasing power, when the war is over, and then we'll turn the war factories back to making cars, carpets, refrigerators, clothing, and there will be goods, and you'll have the money to buy them with," and thus we will do much to avoid that terrible slump which has followed other wars.

That is the outline—the stamped pattern. It has to be filled in by us, and when I say by us, I mean the women of

Canada. Women handle 80% of the money earned in Canada, perhaps more now, when they are earning so much themselves. I believe I am safe in saying that not one woman in a hundred is doing all she can in the carrying out of this plan. I refer now to civilians. We are still too comfortable and too sure of winning. We would feel differently if "the enemy was just ten miles down the road," as Eric Knight reminded us.

I was in a store one day lately, watching as I waited to be served. These are some of the snatches of conversation I heard. "Isn't it awful, now when we have money, really good things are so scarce. I don't believe in the price ceiling. I am willing to pay an increased price, if I could get what I want!"

In other words, she isn't playing the game according to the plan. She doesn't see the plan, or, if she sees, refuses to play her part. People of this mind encourage black markets.

Another woman was lamenting because she could not get her ceiling papered. The man who used to do her work was in the army. She is so ashamed of the smudged ceiling in the dining room, she simply can't entertain!

Now isn't that a sad state of affairs! There are women in this fourth year of the war in many countries, England, Russia, China, who would be very glad of a smudged ceiling, or any ceiling at all!

How are we going to get women imbued with the Big Idea that we are all honor bound to bend every energy to our country's service? Women must buy war savings certificates regularly, budgeting their income to allow this, even if there has to be privation. It is the steady pull that counts, not the sudden spurts. Women who hold out on us are strikers, just as much as any man who lays down his tools in wartime.

Let us approach this from another angle. Isn't it much better for us to lend our money to our own country now and help win the war than save it to pay a German or Japanese army of occupation later?

We belong to a mutual society. If I am selfish and slack, I endanger your safety as well as my own.

So let us all pitch in, and show that we are capable and worthy of Self-Government.

By Nellie McClung

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This is our Battle, too—

IT'S queer to think that just six months ago I was pounding a typewriter in a regular every-day business for so much per, that I was counting ration tickets and grabbing a sandwich and a malted at lunch counters. And today? Well, today, I'm part of a great army of women that is doing its share in our great drive for victory.

It's a kind of glorious feeling too, that, although I'm not able to be out in the front line fighting, I have been able to release a man who wanted to get there. And what's more exciting is, there may be a chance for me to go overseas.

What makes it happier, is that I'm doing work I like. There were 50 different kinds of jobs open but I've got the one that I can do best. That's the way they do things in the Canadian Women's Army Corps. It's a kind of selective process where they put the girls in jobs they like best and do best.

And I've never felt better. Regular meals, regular hours and regular exercise have made me a new woman. The chances for promotion are good too. I'm going to get my first stripe next week. And here's something else. For the first time in my life, I'm seeing Canada and making a host of new friends everywhere. And, they are friendships that will last a lifetime.

It's a great life, girls. Great in every way you look at it, but the thing that I like about it, and the thing that the thousands of girls already in the Canadian Women's Army Corps like about it, is that this is our battle, too, and we're doing our part. Won't you join us?

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CANADIAN WOMEN'S ARMY CORPS